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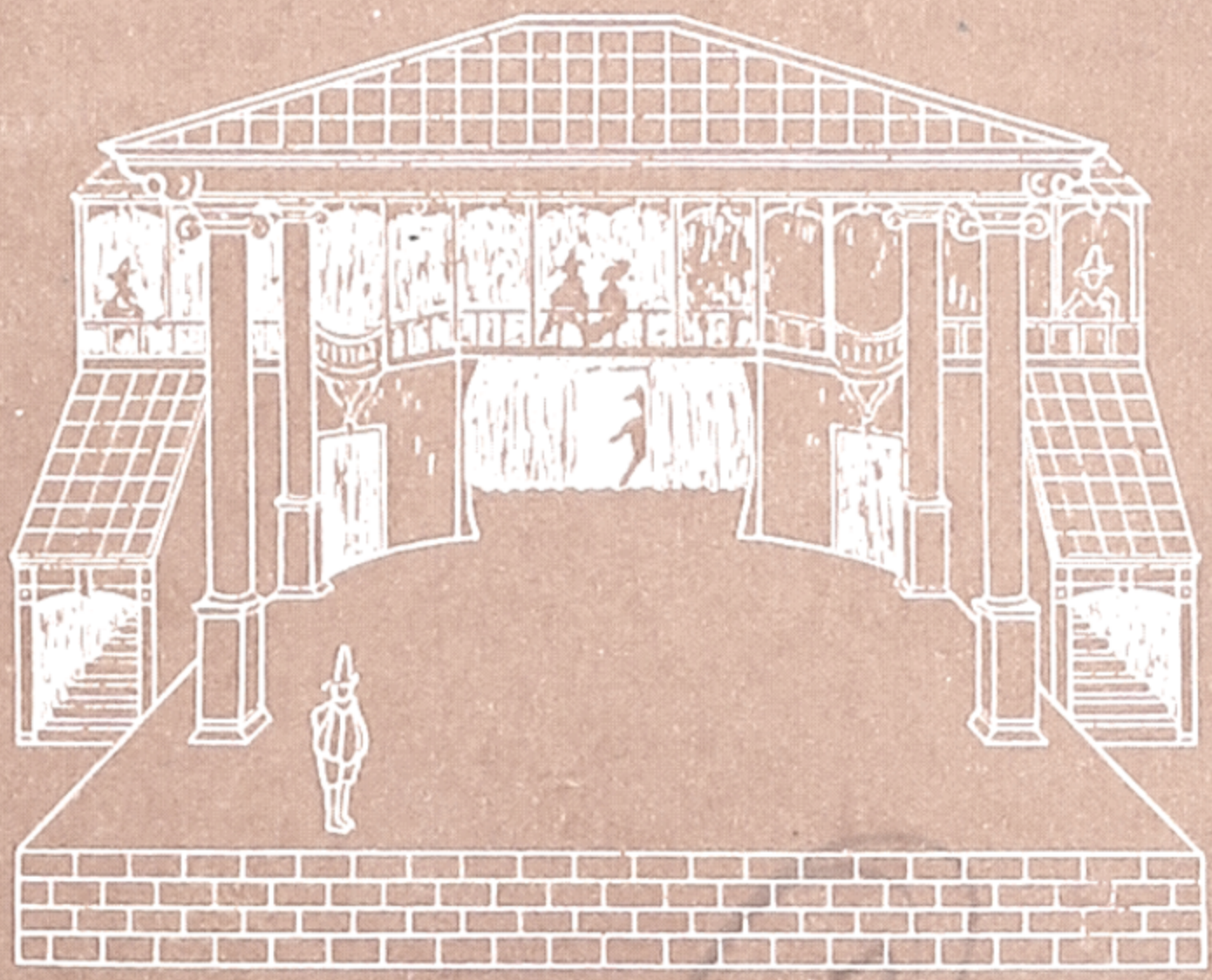
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Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's Hall
Lecturer in English Literature, Oriel College, Oxford

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THE NEW CLARENDON SHAKESPEARE

JULIUS CAESAR

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Senior Tutor, St. Peter's Hall, and
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GENERAL PREFACE

THIS edition of Shakespeare aims primarily at presenting the text in such a way that it can be easily read and understood. The language of Shakespeare presents considerable difficulties to the beginner, difficulties which are soon forgotten and overlooked by readers who are familiar with the plays. The answers of examination candidates often reveal unexpected ignorance of quite ordinary Shakespearian phraseology and vocabulary. In the notes, therefore, the main emphasis has been placed on the interpretation of words and phrases. Textual and linguistic matter, to which much space was given in the old Clarendon Press editions of Wright and Clark, has been kept in the background, but explanation is prominent. The notes have been divided; words and phrases capable of a short explanation are glossed at the foot of the page, while the more difficult passages are treated after the text in the general commentary.

In the commentary alternative explanations and the mention of critics by name have been avoided as far as possible; on the other hand there are a number of less elementary notes on textual points and other matters not strictly necessary for younger students, and these appear in smaller type and within square brackets.

The editor's introduction is intentionally brief and usually confined to a statement of facts; but, taken in conjunction with what follows the commentary, it will provide pupils in colleges as well as in schools with all that is necessary to a complete study of the play.

After the commentary is printed a substantial selection from the best criticism of the play, old and new; a feature in which this edition of Shakespeare follows the plan set by the Clarendon English series. Here some matter will be

found suitable for more advanced students; and the inclusion of varying opinions will provide material for reflection and comparison. It is the editor's belief that students can best be taught to criticize by the provision of material which they may use as a starting-point as well as a model.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editor would like to acknowledge his debt to the *New Variorum Shakespeare* of H. H. Furness (*Julius Caesar*, 1913), and to the following for permission to reprint copyright material: Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (P. Stapfer, *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*, translated by E. S. Carey); Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (Sir M. W. MacCallum, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays*; Mr. A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*); Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson (Mr. H. Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare*); The Royal Society of Literature (Sir Mark Hunter, in *Essays by Divers Hands*, vol. 10); The British Academy (Mr. H. Granville-Barker, *From Henry V to Hamlet*).

The text of Julius Caesar *here printed is free from omission or alteration.*

LIST OF PLATES

I. Caesar and the Soothsayer (*Photograph Angus McBean*) . . . . facing p. 16

II. Brutus, Antony, and the corpse of Caesar (*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Ltd.*) „ „ 17

III. Brutus and Cassius (*Photograph Desmond Tripp*) . . . . . „ „ 32

IV. Antony over the body of Brutus (*Photograph Desmond Tripp*) . . . „ „ 33

CONTENTS

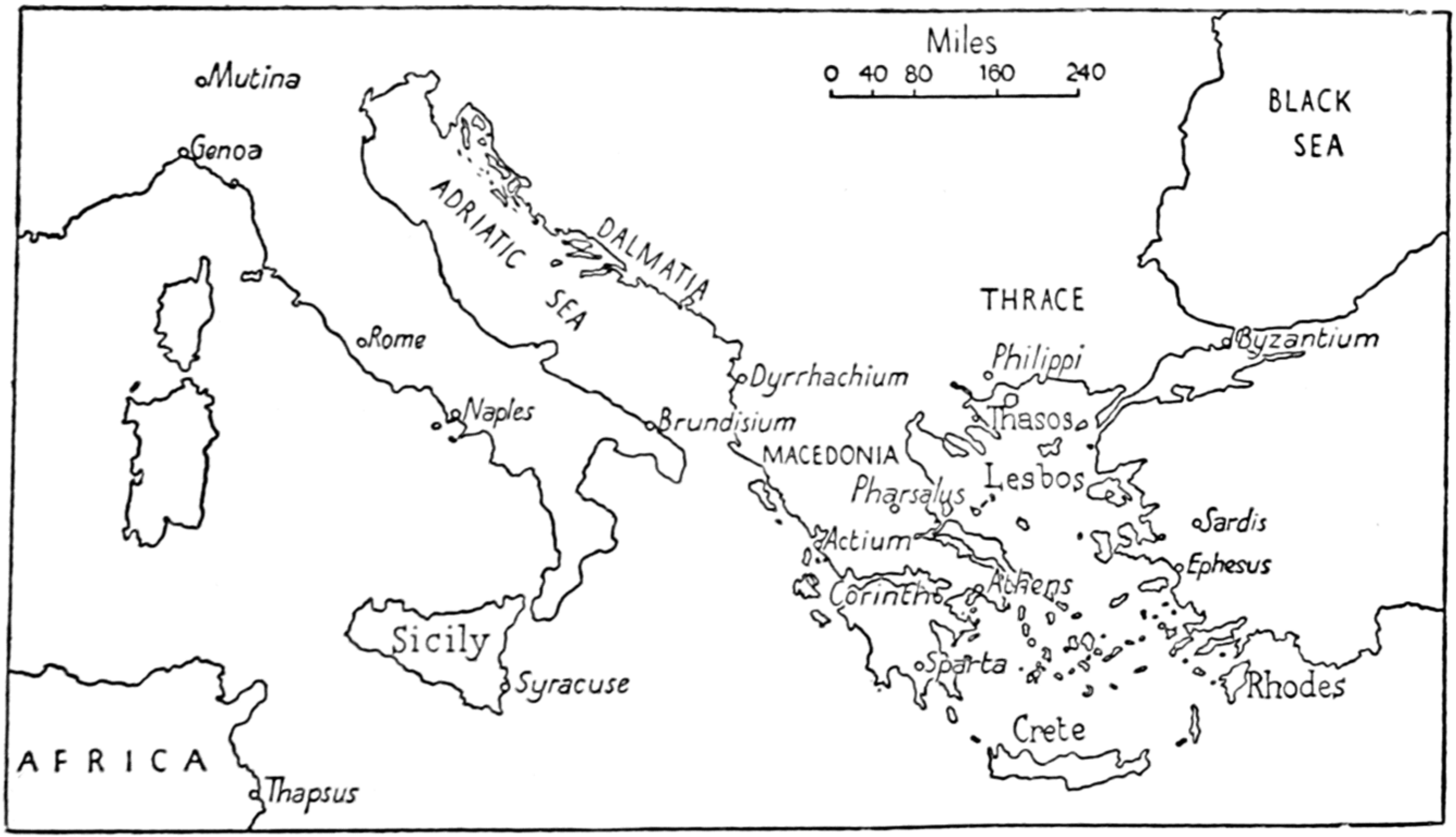
INTRODUCTION 7
Date and Character of the Play 7
Other Plays on Julius Caesar 9
Other References to Julius Caesar by Shakespeare . 9
Sources of the Play 11
Shakespeare's Use of Plutarch 12
Shakespeare and History 13
The Text of the Play 15
The Plot of the Play 17
The Play on the Shakespearian Stage . . . 21
Note on Dramatis Personae 22

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR . . . 23

NOTES 117

SELECT LITERARY CRITICISM 152
Hazlitt on *Julius Caesar* 152
The position of *Julius Caesar* among Shakespeare's Plays 155
The Style of the Play 160
The Character of Caesar 161
The Character of Brutus 165
The Character of Cassius 169
The Character of Antony 172
Antony's Funeral Speech 173

APPENDIXES 177
The Life of William Shakespeare with a Table of his Plays 177
A Note on Metre 179
A Note on the Language of Shakespeare by Dr. C. T. Onions 181
Extracts from North's *Plutarch* 188


Miles
0 40 80 160 240
Mutina
Genoa
Rome
Naples
Brundisium
Sicily
Syracuse
AFRICA
Thapsus
ADRIATIC SEA
DALMATIA
Dyrrhachium
MACEDONIA
Pharsalus
Actium
Corinth
Sparta
Crete
THRACE
Philippi
Thasos
Lesbos
Athens
BLACK SEA
Byzantium
Sardis
Ephesus
Rhodes

INTRODUCTION

DATE AND CHARACTER OF THE PLAY

THE play of *Julius Caesar* has always been popular both as a reading and as an acting play. There have been rare dissentients like Coleridge who found it 'frigid and dull', but for the most part it has had a wide public. Few passages in Shakespeare are more famous than Antony's speech in the Forum scene, or the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. When the members of the King's Company gathered together Shakespeare's plays in 1623, *Julius Caesar* was printed among the tragedies. It *is* a tragedy, but it has none of the grandeur and darkness which overshadows plays like *Othello* and *Macbeth*. It belongs rather, with *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, to a group of Roman plays in which there is a restraint that is almost classical. Shakespeare's antiquity is life-like enough, but the 'high Roman fashion' in which these men and women lived, keeps their actions quietly proportioned.

Let us first consider the place of *Julius Caesar* in the development of Shakespeare's art. All recent editors agree that it was probably written and acted in 1599 or 1600. For this date there is some external evidence:

(1) *Julius Caesar* is *not* mentioned in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Meres in *Palladis Tamia* (Wit's Treasurehouse) in September 1598. It was, therefore, probably later than this.

(2) A certain Thomas Platter records that on September 21, 1599, he saw 'the tragedy of the first emperor Julius . . . very well acted' (probably, but not certainly, Shakespeare's play).

(3) In *Every Man out of His Humour*, which was performed in 1599, Ben Jonson has this sentence (Act III, scene i): 'reason long since is fled to animals, you know', which may be an allusion to *Julius Caesar*, III. ii. 104–5:

> O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
> And men have lost their reason.

(4) Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* (printed 1601, but ready for the press, according to its dedication, 'some two years ago', i.e. 1599) has the following echo:

> The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus speech, that Caesar was ambitious,
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious.

allusions in other works confirm a date at least before 1603.

If we accept the date 1599–1600, and also the order of his plays given in the first Appendix, *Julius Caesar* comes between *Henry V* and *Hamlet*. With each of these plays it has affinities of style and subject. It has still something of the historical play about it, yet the character of Brutus is a foretaste of the irresolute Hamlet. This was also the period of his most mature comedies, of *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As you Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. Like his own Antony,

> He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden
> A Roman thought hath struck him,

and he employs his new medium of tragedy tentatively, showing perhaps some uncertainty in the presentation of Caesar himself. Moreover, even if the play is almost the tragedy of Brutus, it must, like the English history plays, bear the title of the chief man in it. For the subject was already common on the stage when Shakespeare took it up.

OTHER PLAYS ON JULIUS CAESAR

As early as 1562 a play named *Julyus Sesar* appears to have been performed at Court; at least two others are mentioned before 1582 when a Latin play, *Caesar interfectus*, with an Epilogue by Eedes, which alone survives, was performed at Christ Church, Oxford (cf. note to III. i. 77). Polonius, it may be recalled, 'did enact Julius Caesar' at his university. The diary of the manager Henslowe mentions a *Seser and Pompie* as performed by the Admiral's men in 1594; and the performance of Shakespeare's play was followed in 1607 by the publication of *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* by Sir W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling, a passage from which is quoted on p. 12. The four *Monarchicke Tragedies* of the Earl of Stirling are constructed strictly on the model of Seneca, and their 'philosophising or feeble rant' only serve to show up by contrast the dramatic genius of Shakespeare.

OTHER REFERENCES TO JULIUS CAESAR BY SHAKESPEARE

If this play had contained all Shakespeare's references to the Dictator, we might have been tempted to conclude that Shakespeare did not appreciate his greatness; so that, in order to estimate Shakespeare's view of Caesar, it is well to consider the allusions he makes to him elsewhere. Julius Caesar is mentioned in more than half the plays before *Julius Caesar*. The references which follow are arranged in the probable order of composition, and the more interesting are quoted in full:

2 Henry VI, IV. i. 137 and IV. vii. 65.

3 Henry VI, III. i. 18 and V. v. 53 (Margaret has lost her son at Tewkesbury):

They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

1 Henry VI, I. i. 56:

A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Caesar,

and I. ii. 139.

Richard III, III. i. 69–88, especially 84, &c.:

That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

and IV. iv. 337.

Love's Labour's Lost, V. ii. 615.
Richard II, V. i. 2.
2 Henry IV, I. i. 20:

O! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Caesar's fortunes.

Henry V, Prol. to Act V. 25.

The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in.

After *Julius Caesar* references are less common, except in plays connected with Rome, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cymbeline*. There is one each in *As You Like It* (V. ii. 25), *Merry Wives* (I. iii. 9), *Measure for Measure* (II. i. 269), *Othello* (II. iii. 128), and *Macbeth* (III. i. 57), but these are mere

passing references, while those in *Hamlet* show the subject still fresh in his memory (I. i. 113–20; III. ii. 108; V. i. 235):

> In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
> As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
> Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
> Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

A discussion of Shakespeare's picture of Caesar in our play will be found on pp. 161–5.

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

In his plays from English History Shakespeare chiefly followed Holinshed. In his three plays on Roman subjects —*Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*— he made still greater use of Plutarch. Plutarch wrote his *Parallel Lives* of noble Greeks and Romans in Greek about the end of the first century A.D.; they were translated into French by Amyot in 1560, and from the French version into English by Sir Thomas North in 1579. The printer, Field, was a native of Stratford-on-Avon and may possibly have put his fellow townsman in the way of acquiring the book either in its first or second edition (1595). North's translation is one of the greatest monuments of Elizabethan prose, and it is not surprising that Shakespeare often followed it even verbally. For *Julius Caesar* he used the lives of Caesar and of Brutus, and, to a slight degree, that of Antony. It is not certain that Shakespeare used any other source for this play. He *may* have drawn slightly on Appian's history of the Civil War (translated 1578) for Antony's speech to the crowd, and on Garnier's *Cornélie* (1574, translated by Kyd, 1594) for the first conversation of Brutus and Cassius, and even on

Belleforest's *History of Hamlet* for the speech of Brutus to the crowd (though this remained in French till 1608).

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF PLUTARCH

Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch in his three Roman plays far exceeds his debt to his sources in any of his other plays; and the reason is not difficult to find. North's Plutarch is itself great literature. No one reads Holinshed's chronicle for its own sake, but Plutarch's lives have fascinated men of all countries, and North would be read even if Shakespeare had never used him. Shakespeare followed North's Plutarch still more closely in *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra* than in *Julius Caesar*, but the extent of Shakespeare's borrowings even here can be judged from the specimen passages printed in Appendix IV to this edition. Shakespeare, however, never uses his source slavishly, and it is instructive to contrast the more literal adherence to Plutarch of the Earl of Stirling, for example in Portia's speech to Brutus:

> I was not (Brutus) match'd with thee, to be
> A partner onely of thy boord, and bed:
> Each servile whore in those might equall me,
> Who but for pleasure, or for wealth did wed;
> No, Portia spous'd thee minding to remaine
> Thy Fortunes partner, whether good or ill. . . .
> If thus thou seek thy sorrows to conceale
> Through a disdaine, or a mistrust of me,
> Then to the world what way can I reveale,
> How great a matter I would do for thee?
> And though our sexe too talkative be deem'd,
> As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
> For secrets still bad Treasurers esteem'd,
> Of others greedy, prodigall of ours:
> 'Good education may reforme defects'

> And this may leade me to a virtuous life,
> (Whil'st such rare patterns generous worth respects)
> I Cato's daughter am, and Brutus wife.

Cf. North's *Plutarch*, as quoted on p. 188 in the Appendix, and *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 279–95.

Plutarch wrote biography; Shakespeare wrote plays. Narrative must be turned into drama. Shakespeare fuses material from three separate lives; he throws much of the narrative into action and dialogue (e.g. the death of Cassius); and, most important of all, he has to seize upon what he considers the central situations, the high lights of the story, and group other events round them. He may have, for dramatic purposes, to enlarge on or to pass over some aspects of a character. He carries farther, for example, the idealization of Brutus, ignoring a fault which Plutarch mentioned only to excuse, and omitting to mention that Brutus had been pardoned by Caesar for taking part with Pompey against him.

The dramatist naturally adds many touches of detail, such as the naked sword in Casca's hand in Act I, scene iii, or the presence of Calphurnia in Act I, scene ii. Or, again, a whole scene may be built up out of one sentence in Plutarch, as is the opening scene of the play. It is because the process throws so much light on Shakespeare's art, and not in order that the student may be concerned with trifling departures from history, that material for further comparison is printed at the end of this volume. Divergences from Plutarch of any interest are mentioned in the notes.

SHAKESPEARE AND HISTORY

It is the dramatist's business to sustain interest; he must ignore the delays and dull patches of ordinary life. This usually involves in a play based on history some speeding up of events. Shakespeare ignores, for example, the

meeting of the senate on the day after Caesar's murder, and takes us straight forward to the funeral speech which was really several days later. Between the events portrayed in scene ii and scene iii of Act I a month elapsed in reality; the two battles at Philippi were separated by an interval of twenty days; and so on. The events described in the play occurred over a period of more than two years. The following chronological summary is intended to give the historical facts most relevant to the play. To appreciate the position of Caesar and his work for Rome, some acquaintance with the causes of the break-down of the Republican system of government is necessary, and these, if not already familiar to the student, may be found discussed in all books on Roman history.

B.C.

100. Birth of C. Julius Caesar.

58–49. Caesar's conquest of Gaul.

52–50. Pompey holds chief power in Rome, but does not abolish the republic.

49. Civil war between Caesar and Pompey; Pompey, accompanied by most of the senators, evacuates Italy.

48. Caesar defeats Pompey at Pharsalus (Pharsalia). Flight and death of Pompey. Caesar dictator.

47. Caesar wins a battle at Zela and settles Asia (Minor).

46. Caesar defeats Pompeians in Africa at Thapsus. Death of Cato.

45. Caesar defeats Pompeians in Spain at Munda. Various administrative reforms at Rome.

44. Caesar enters Rome in triumph (*January 26*) and at the Lupercalia (*February 5*) rejects the crown; prepares to leave Rome for Parthian war. A conspiracy of 60 republicans results in MURDER

B.C.

OF CAESAR (*March 15*) in Pompey's senate house.

44. *March 15.* Antony secures Caesar's treasure and public and private papers.

March 17. The Senate enacts an amnesty for Caesar's murderers but confirms Caesar's acts.

March 20. Antony's funeral speech over Caesar.

Brutus and Cassius leave Rome.

April. Octavius arrives in Rome; the senate turns to him.

Antony besieges D. Brutus in Mutina.

43. The Senate declares war against Antony. Octavius and the consuls raise the siege of Mutina.

Brutus occupies Macedonia, and Cassius Syria.

Breach of Octavius with the Senate and coalition with Antony and Lepidus.

Brutus and Cassius in Asia prepare for war.

42. Antony and Octavius cross to Greece, leaving Lepidus in Rome.

Campaign of PHILIPPI; in the first battle Brutus is victorious, but Cassius kills himself; in the second (twenty days later) Brutus is defeated and kills himself.

(31. In the battle of Actium Octavius defeats Antony and is left master of the Roman world.)

THE TEXT OF THE PLAY

Julius Caesar was first printed in 1623 in the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays known as the First Folio.

We have no earlier Quarto edition of this play by itself, as we have for sixteen of the plays of Shakespeare. But the absence of any other authority for our text than the Folio is hardly a matter for regret, since that which has come down to us is so good. The editors of the (older)

Cambridge Shakespeare found it necessary to admit into the text only nine conjectures departing at all seriously from the Folio reading, apart from corrections of spelling or punctuation. They have in these been followed by most modern editors (see the notes in this edition on I. ii. 72; I. ii. 155; I. iii. 65; I. iii. 129; II. i. 40; II. ii. 46; III. i. 39; III. ii. 225; IV. i. 37). This edition follows the text of the *Oxford Shakespeare*, except that the Folio is restored in I. ii. 154; I. iii. 21; II. i. 59, 72, and 283; II. ii. 76; IV. i. 44; IV. iii. 28, and an emendation accepted in I. ii. 72.

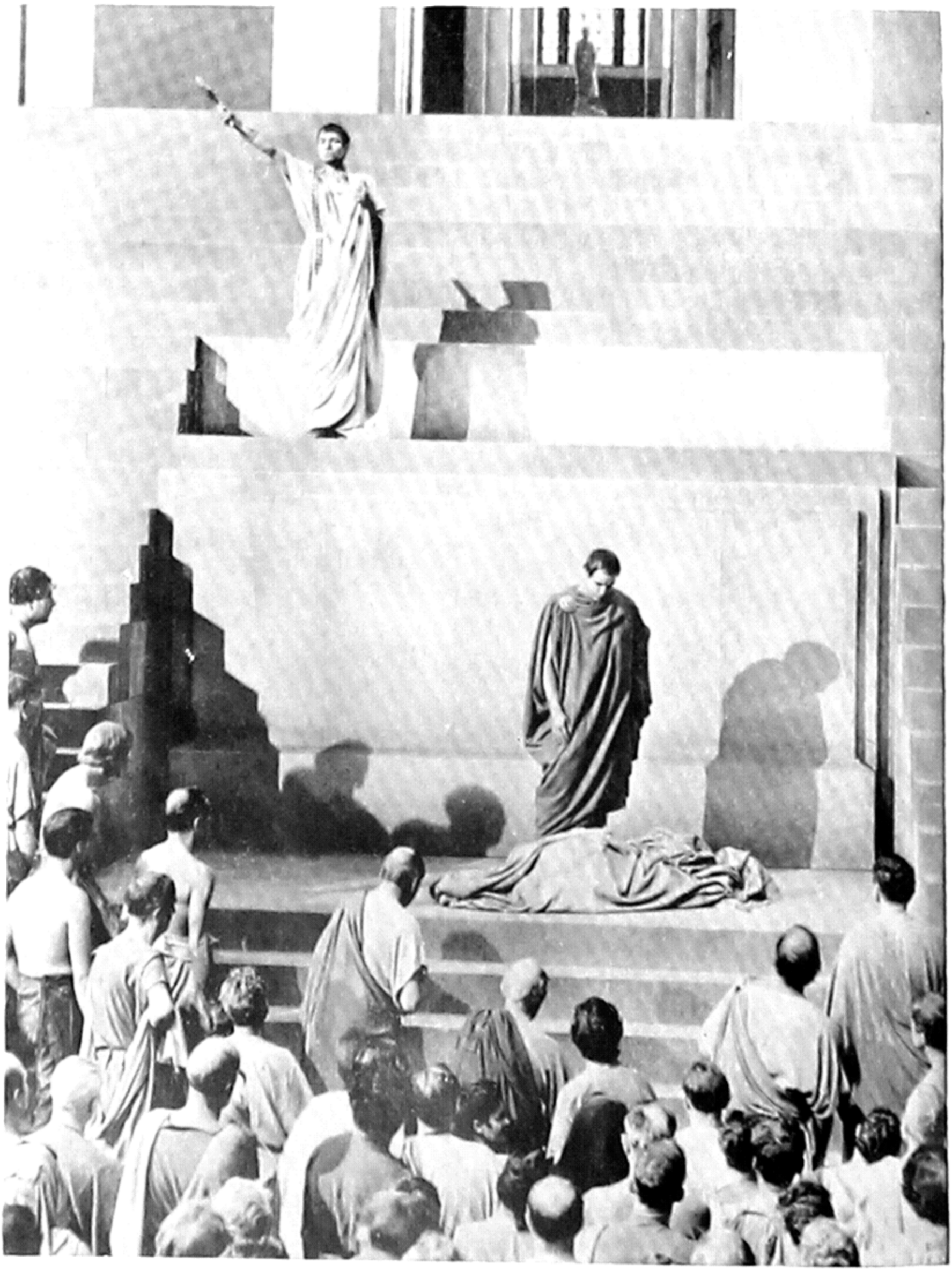
The editors of the First Folio claimed to have given the plays according to the 'True Originall Copies'. This claim cannot be granted for all the plays, but in no case does the argument from an uncorrupted text justify us in feeling nearer to Shakespeare's autograph than in *Julius Caesar*. The cleanness of the text perhaps points to a scribe's fair copy as being the direct ancestor of the Folio; for Shakespeare's own handwriting usually seems to have given the printer more difficulty than did the copy for *Julius Caesar*.

But if the text of *Julius Caesar* is uncorrupt in wording, that does not exclude the possibility that Shakespeare himself revised it between its original writing or presentation and the version we now have. We have conclusive evidence of revision in the case of some plays, e.g. *Love's Labour's Lost*; and such revision in *Julius Caesar* would explain most easily the difficulties discussed in the notes to III. i. 47 and IV. iii. 185. But it cannot be regarded as more than possible.

Some critics, however, are not content with this and have held *Julius Caesar* to be a combination of two plays into one. By others *Julius Caesar* has been regarded as 'a play of two dates'. Such a passage as V. iii. 47–58, 'So I am free . . . O my heart', has been cited to prove by its style an earlier date than 1599. Such



Caesar and the Soothsayer



Brutus, Antony, and the corpse of Caesar

drastic inferences from slight evidence seem unwarranted. In this passage, for example, Pindarus may be made to talk in a cruder style because he is a barbarian captive.

The radical critics of Shakespeare go even farther. These disintegrators of Shakespeare will admit none of the plays to be his undivided work. Mr. J. M. Robertson would generously assign to most of the chief Elizabethan playwrights a share in the play before us. (A summary of his views makes amusing reading; see the lecture of Sir Edmund Chambers on 'The Disintegration of Shakespeare' in *Aspects of Shakespeare*, p. 30.) All that need be said here is that there is no external evidence for ascribing any part of our *Julius Caesar* to any other author than Shakespeare, and that the supposed internal evidence is completely subjective, depending on the critic's preconceived notions as to what Shakespeare would have written. Even Ben Jonson himself, one of the playwrights credited with work on the play, gives evidence of Shakespeare's authorship (see note to III. i. 47).

Most of us will be content in the absence of contrary evidence to accept *Julius Caesar* for the unity it appears to be and the work of him to whom the First Folio assigns it—William Shakespeare.

THE PLOT OF THE PLAY

I. i. *Julius Caesar* opens with a street scene in Rome. The tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, find the common people keeping holiday in honour of Caesar's return to Rome after his final victory over the Pompeian party, and, having reproached them for forgetting so soon their old love for Pompey, they set about removing the signs of welcome to Caesar.

I. ii. Caesar now appears with his wife Calphurnia and

a train of followers for the celebration of the feast of Lupercal, and is warned by a soothsayer to 'beware the Ides of March'. He passes on, leaving Brutus and Cassius behind. Cassius sounds Brutus on the position of public affairs, aided by the shouts of the people heard in the distance. When the procession returns, they detain Casca that he may describe to them the offer of the crown to Caesar. Cassius decides to take further measures to rouse Brutus against Caesar.

I. iii. During the night thunder, lightning, and other omens occur. Cicero, Casca, and Cassius meet in the streets, and, after Cicero has gone, Cassius wins Casca to the rising conspiracy.

II. i. Brutus cannot sleep, but is deliberating as to his duty, when Cassius brings five fellow conspirators to see him. When they have gone Brutus's wife Portia asks to share her husband's anxieties and wins a promise that she shall know them all.

II. ii. The portents of the night had disturbed Calphurnia also and she begs Caesar not to go to the senate that day. At first Caesar yields to her persuasions, but he is presently won over by Decius Brutus and allows himself to be escorted there by the conspirators.

II. iii and iv. The Act concludes with two short scenes in which we see Artemidorus reading over a warning he wanted to give into Caesar's hands, and (II. iv) Portia on tenterhooks at home, sending her servant to see how affairs are going at the Capitol.

III. i. The third Act provides the crisis of the play. Caesar has reached the Capitol, refusing to read the paper which Artemidorus gave him, because it concerned himself. He is speaking of his own fixity of purpose in rejecting a petition presented by Metellus Cimber when he is stabbed by the conspirators and dies with the words 'Et tu, Brute' on his lips. Subsequently Antony makes his peace

with the assassins and even obtains leave to pronounce a funeral speech over Caesar.

III. ii and iii. Brutus calmly explains to the citizens in the Forum the reasons that made Caesar's death necessary, but Antony works them into a fury against his murderers which finds its first vent (III. iii) in a careless butchery of Cinna the poet by mistake for Cinna the conspirator.

IV. i. Antony and Octavius are seen callously marking down their private enemies for death and treating with contempt the third leader of the Caesarians, Lepidus.

IV. ii. After Antony's funeral speech, Brutus and Cassius had to fly from Rome and they are now seen under arms in Asia Minor.

IV. iii. Brutus is grieved by Cassius' methods of raising money, and the famous quarrel occurs, followed by a reconciliation. The ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus and warns him that they will meet again at Philippi.

V. i. The last Act is filled by the battle of Philippi. After an exchange of taunts between the rival commanders, Brutus and Cassius take leave of one another.

V. ii. The battle is now in progress.

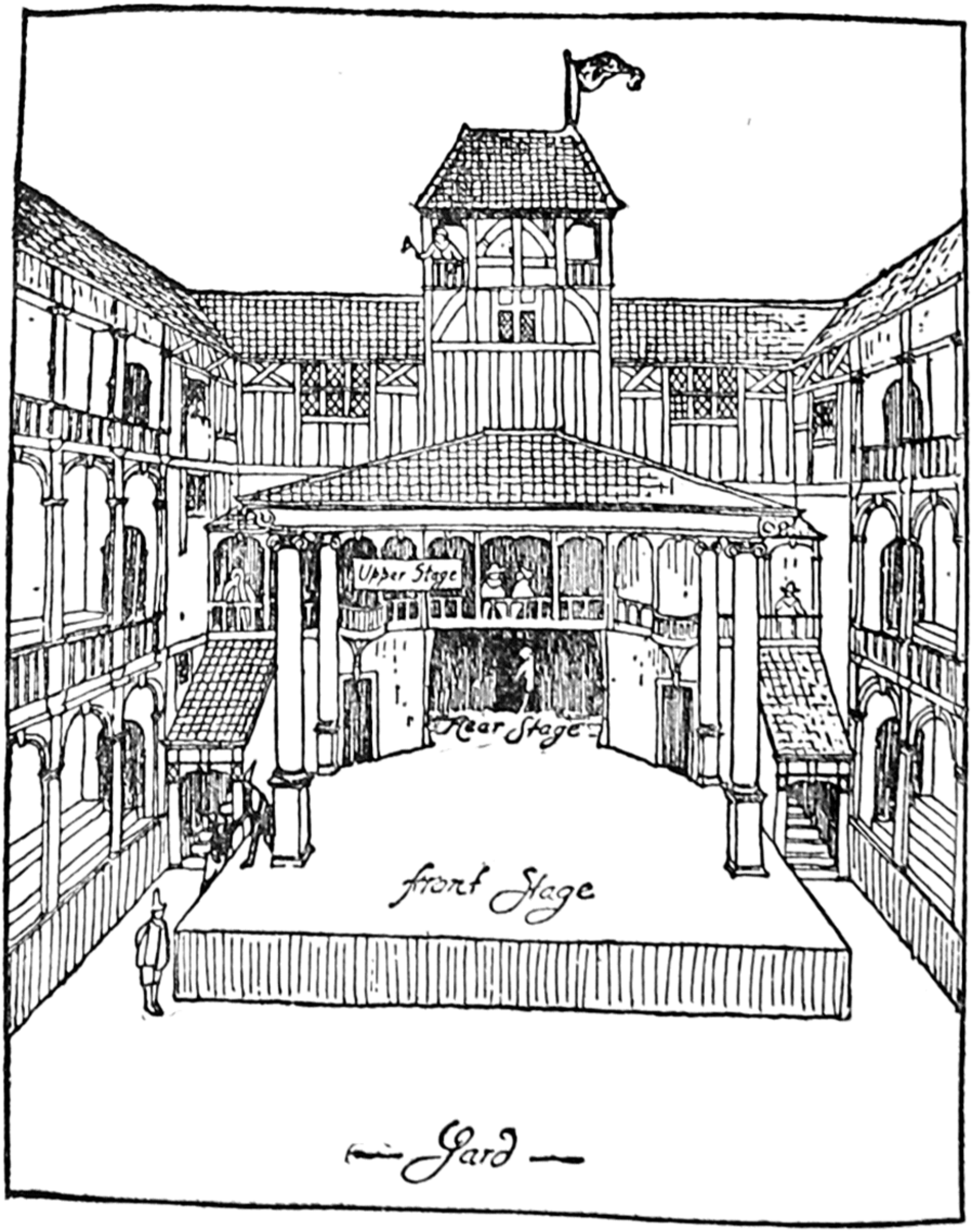
V. iii. Cassius, thinking that Antony has enclosed him, makes his servant Pindarus stab him. Brutus had defeated Octavius, but sees the spirit of Caesar mighty yet in the mistake which led Cassius to suicide.

V. iv and v. When the battle is renewed, Brutus is defeated and runs upon his own sword held by the faithful Strato. Antony and Octavius, coming to the body, recognize the disinterestedness of Brutus:

'This was the noblest Roman of them all.'

12867

A. S. College, Library
Srinagar.



THE FORTUNE THEATRE

A reconstruction by Mr. W. H. Godfrey from the builder's contract, which has survived. The theatre was built in 1600, two years later than the Globe, at which most of Shakespeare's plays were performed, and burnt down in 1621.

THE PLAY ON THE SHAKESPEARIAN STAGE

The Elizabethan theatre was a very different affair from the modern one. The latter, a 'picture stage' in which the audience may be said to constitute the 'fourth wall' of a room, aims at illusion; the former, in which the stage was a platform thrust out among an audience, could not hope for this. A glance at the illustration will make a long explanation unnecessary. The platform constitutes the front or main stage; entrance was at the back (through any of several doors), not at the sides, so that some time elapsed between a character's appearance and his reaching the front of the stage. The building at the rear had a gallery above, which served for walls of a city, balcony of a room, &c. Below were curtains which, when drawn back, served to provide a *rear* or *inner stage*. As there was no means of closing the outer stage, scenes which had to be disclosed or hidden took place on this inner stage. There was little approximation to scenery, but plenty of movable properties (e.g. a 'mossy bank').

In *Julius Caesar* the first Act would take place entirely on the outer stage. The first scene of the second Act (Brutus's orchard) might have started on the inner stage, but if so Brutus probably walked out on to the main stage to make his soliloquy (l. 10, &c.) and remained there. The other scenes of this Act would be on the main stage. In the first scene of the third Act the Senate would be set on the inner stage (rather than 'above', see introd. note to III. i) while Caesar and the procession were on the main stage, and even when Caesar moved back to take his place in the senate he need not have got beyond the threshold of the inner stage. Antony helps a servant to remove the body, which would have been necessary only if Caesar had been murdered on the outer stage. The

consultation between Lepidus, Octavius, and Antony might have been either on the inner or the outer stage. In the second scene of Act III the pulpit from which Brutus and later Antony spoke would be the gallery or upper stage, while the crowd was on the main stage below. After this everything takes place on the main stage till the third scene of the fourth Act, when the generals move into Brutus's tent, the inner stage, to continue their quarrel. This would be less well lighted than the outer stage and therefore more suited for the ghost's appearance (cf. IV. iii. 275). The fifth Act takes place throughout on the main stage except that Pindarus goes up to the balcony when he 'ascends the hill' (v. iii. 22).

NOTE ON DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Julius Caesar, see chronological table, p. 14.

Octavius Caesar, his great-nephew and heir, at this time aged 19; later the emperor Augustus who ruled Rome till A.D. 14.

Marcus Antonius. In this play called Antony, elsewhere Anthony, in the Folio; had long served Caesar; now aged 39.

triumvirs, three men who shared the chief power in the state.

Cicero, the famous orator; a republican and bitter enemy of Antony, who secured his death in 43 B.C.

Marcus Brutus, a strong republican by his descent from Junius Brutus who expelled the Tarquins; had therefore sided with Pompey; pardoned by Caesar.

Cassius, brother-in-law of Brutus; also fought with Pompey and was pardoned by Caesar.

Portia, daughter of Cato of Utica, the famous Stoic, and sister of Young Cato.

JULIUS CAESAR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JULIUS CAESAR.
OCTAVIUS CAESAR, } Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Caesar.
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Caesar.
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs after the Death of Julius Caesar.

CICERO, } Senators.
PUBLIUS, } Senators.
POPILIUS LENA, } Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
CASSIUS, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
CASCA, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
TREBONIUS, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
LIGARIUS, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
DECIUS BRUTUS, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
METELLUS CIMBER, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.
CINNA, } Conspirators against Julius Caesar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a Poet.
Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; Servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Caesar.
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—*During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards, Sardis and near Philippi*

ACT I

Scene I. ROME. A STREET

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Commoner. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Glossarial notes on the meanings of words and phrases are printed at the foot of the page. Other notes, including paraphrases of difficult passages, are printed in the commentary at the end. The sign [N] in the footnotes indicates that a further note on the same line will be found in the commentary.

3 mechanical: mechanics, i.e. working men.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Commoner. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Second Commoner. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Second Commoner. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

10 **in respect of:** in comparison with. **11 cobbler:** a bungling workman. [*N*]. 12 **directly:** plainly. **13 use:** follow. 18 **be not out with me:** do not quarrel with me. 19 **if you be out:** i.e. out at heel. 27 **recover:** (1) re-cover; (2) restore to health (obsolete sense). 28 **proper:** good. **neat:** ox or cow.

What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the* Commoners.
See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;

48 **That:** so that, (as often). 49 **replication:** reverberation: echo. 50 **concave:** hollow. [*N*]. 52 **cull out a holiday:** pick out this day for a holiday. 53 **his way that:** the way of him who .... 57 **intermit:** stop. 59 **for this fault:** to atone for this fault. 60 **sort:** class, rank. 64 **whe'r:** whether.

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. The Same. A Public Place

Enter, in procession, with music, CAESAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Caesar. Calphurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Caesar. Calphurnia!
Calphurnia. Here, my lord.
Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Antony. Caesar, my lord.
Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

9 **sterile curse:** barrenness. [*N*].

Antony. I shall remember:
When Caesar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.
Caesar. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Soothsayer. Caesar!
Caesar. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Caesar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar.' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.
Caesar. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Caesar. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.
Caesar. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.
Caesar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brutus. Not I.
Cassius. I pray you, do.
Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

18 the ides of March: March 15th.

24 [sennet: a set of notes on the trumpet, for a procession, &c.

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

41 **proper to:** belonging to. [*N*]. **42 soil:** blemish. [*N*]. **49 by means whereof:** as a result of my misunderstanding. **53 by some other things:** with the help of other things, e.g. a mirror. **54 'Tis just:** that is true. **56 turn:** reflect. **58 shadow:** image, reflection. **59 many of the best respect:** the most esteemed men.

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,

71 **jealous on me:** suspicious of me. 72 **laugher:** jester. 75 **hug them hard:** make a fuss of them. 76 **scandal:** defame. 77 **profess:** give myself away, speak openly. 91 **favour:** appearance.

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'

95 **as lief:** as soon. 109 **hearts of controversy:** hearts contending with the stream. 123 **bend:** look.

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish. Shout.*
Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.
Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar.'
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

129 **temper:** temperament. 130 **get the start of:** lead, as in a race. 150 **bloods:** men of noble blood. 152 **fam'd with:** made famous by. 158 **brook'd:** endured.

Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.
Brutus. The games are done and Caesar is returning.
Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR *and his Train.*

Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

162 aim: idea. **164 for this present:** for the moment. **174 like:** likely. **180 proceeded worthy note:** happened worthy of note.



Brutus and Cassius

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But soft, I pray you: what! did Caesar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

229 **honest:** used sarcastically, 'simple'. 241 **still:** always. 242 **chopped:** chapped. 245 **swounded:** swooned: cf. l. 248.

Brutus. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.
Cassius. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.
Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
Brutus. What said he, when he came unto himself? 259
Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas! good soul,' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 271
Brutus. And after that he came, thus sad, away?
Casca. Ay.
Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek. 275
Cassius. To what effect?
Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

263 **An:** if; so l. 277. **occupation:** trade [*N*]. 264 **at a word:** promptly; so almost 'at his word'.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promised forth.
Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cassius. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*
Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cassius. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cassius. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion

303 **the world:** public affairs. 306 **dispos'd:** disposed to. 309 **bear me hard:** dislikes me. 312 **several hands:** different handwritings.

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Scene III. THE SAME. A STREET

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cicero. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn

316 **glanced at:** touched on lightly. 1 **brought:** did you escort? 3 **the sway of earth:** steady, settled motion. 8 **To be exalted:** so as to reach up to. 21 **glaz'd:** stared. 22 **annoying:** hurting.

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons, they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cicero. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cassius. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,

23 **ghastly:** frightened; cf. aghast. 26 **the bird of night:** the owl. 29 **conjointly meet:** coincide. 32 **climate:** country. 40 **is not to:** is not fit to. 42 **what night:** what a night! 45 **Those:** (only) those.

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind—
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me

48 **unbraced:** unbuttoned ('braces' is a modern word). 50 **cross:** forked, zigzag. 52 **in the aim:** facing it, and giving it a target. 60 **cast yourself in:** throw yourself into. 64 **from:** varying from. [*N*]. 65 **calculate:** perform calculations, (and so) prophesy. 68 **monstrous quality:** unnatural behaviour. 71 **monstrous state:** of affairs.

In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cassius. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf

77 personal action: his exploits or personal powers. **prodigious:** portentous, like these strange outbreaks in nature. 80 **Let it be who:** never mind who. 82 **woe the while:** alas for the times we live in! 83 **govern'd with:** ruled by. 84 **Our yoke and sufferance:** our patient endurance of this yoke. 95 **be retentive to:** hold in the strong spirit. 98 **know all the world:** let all the world know. 99 **I do bear:** I have to endure.

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

114 **My answer must be made:** I shall have to answer for it. 115 **indifferent:** a matter of indifference. 117 **fleering:** sneering, mocking. 117 **Hold, my hand:** Stop! Here is my hand as a pledge of my faith. 118 **Be factious:** take an active part. 118 **griefs:** grievances. 120 **As who goes:** as he who goes. 122 **Some certain:** certain ones (a redundant expression). 123 **undergo:** undertake (as often). 125 **by this:** by this time. 128 **the element:** the sky. 129 **In favour's:** in appearance (cf. I. ii. 91).

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cinna. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.
O Cassius! if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To see you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit* CINNA.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

131 **close:** hidden. 135 **incorporate to:** incorporated in, privy to. 137 **on:** of. 142 **Be you content:** that is all right. 144 **Brutus may but find it:** only Brutus may find it. 150 **hie:** hasten.

Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

62 conceited: formed an idea of.

ACT II

Scene I. Rome. Brutus' Orchard

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?
Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Brutus. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that!
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

3 **Give guess:** guess how near daybreak is. 12 **for the general:** for the sake of the community (he must die). **would be:** wishes to be. 15 **that:** do that: i.e. if you do that, then . . . 17 **do danger:** create danger for others, do harm. 19 **Remorse:** pity, before, not (as usually) after the event. 20 **affections:** emotion, passion. **sway'd:** exercised more control over him. 21 **proof:** experience.

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

24 **round:** rung. 26 **degrees:** steps (Lat. *gradus*). 28 **prevent:** anticipate, be beforehand with him (Lat. *praevenio*). [*N*]. 44 **exhalations:** meteors. [*N*].

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus. Is he alone?
Lucius. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Brutus. Do you know them?
Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

56 **make thee promise:** promise thee. **72 moe:** more.
73 pluck'd: pulled down.

That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Brutus. Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Brutus. He is welcome hither.
Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome too.
Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

76 favour: outward appearance, as I. ii. 91. **78 Sham'st thou:** art thou ashamed? **83 path:** go about. **84 Erebus:** part of Hell. **85 prevention:** detection and frustration, cf. l. 28.

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word?

[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper*

Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

104 **fret:** make patterns on, like fretwork. 107 **growing on:** encroaching on. 112 **all over:** all of you in turn. 118 **high-sighted:** ambitious, soaring. 119 **if these:** motives (l. 116). 127 **honesty to honesty:** the word of one honourable man to another. 128 **fall:** die.

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.
Metellus. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Brutus. O! name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cassius. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?
Cassius. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet,

129 **Swear:** (imperative not indicative) put to an oath. **cautelous:** crafty (originally cautious). 133 **even:** flawless, keeping the even tenor of its way. 135 **To think:** by thinking. 138 **several bastardy:** a separate act proving him no true Roman. 145 **opinion:** what others think of us, *not*, as now, what we think. 148 **youths:** youthfulness of each of us. 150 **break with:** inform.

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.
Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O! then that we could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar. But, alas!
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.
Cassius. Yet I fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—
Brutus. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:

157 **of him:** in him. 158 **A shrewd contriver:** a cunning plotter. 160 **annoy:** hurt, as in I. iii. 22. 164 **wrath in death:** killing in a passion (cf. l. 172). **envy:** malice, so l. 178, 'envious'. 169 **come by:** get at.

If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die:
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.
Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.
Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.
Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Decius. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered;
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

187 **take thought:** to take it to heart. 188 **that were much he should:** a great or difficult thing for him. 190 **no fear:** nothing to fear from him. 194 **Whether:** pronounce 'whe'er'. 196 **main:** strong. [*N*]. 198 **apparent prodigies:** portents manifest, clear to all. 200 **augurers:** or augurs, those who interpret omens. 206 **toils:** nets, snares.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brutus. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cassius. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all except* BRUTUS.
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!
Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
our weak condition to the raw cold morning.

213 **the uttermost:** the latest. 220 **fashion:** shape him to our purpose. 227 **formal constancy:** firmness of appearance. 230 **honey-heavy:** heavy as honey, glueing the eyes up as honey might. 231 **no figures nor no fantasies:** no visions or hallucinations (products of fantasy or fancy, cf. l. 197).

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Portia. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Portia. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air

245 **yet:** still. 246 **wafture:** waving. 250 **humour:** mood, caprice. 251 **sometime:** at one time or another, sometimes. 253 **shape:** outward form. 254 **condition:** disposition of mind. 261 **physical:** healthy. 266 **rheumy:** damp. 266 **unpurged**, i.e. by the sun.

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Portia. If this were true then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

268 **sick offence:** offence causing sickness, i.e. cause of harm. 271 **I charm you:** appeal to you as by spells or charms. 275 **heavy:** oppressed, sad. 283 **in sort or limitation:** in a certain way and with limitations. 287 **harlot:** mistress. 289 **ruddy drops:** drops of blood.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?
O ye gods!
Brutus.
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
[*Exit* PORTIA.
Leave me with haste.
Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brutus. O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick.
Ligarius. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

308 **charáctery of:** all that is written on, i.e. my reasons for looking 'heavy'. 312 **how?** an exclamation of surprise (cf. l. 5 of this scene). 313 **Vouchsafe:** deign to accept.

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Brutus. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. The Same. Caesar's House

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR *in his night-gown.*

Caesar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! They murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord!
Caesar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Calphurnia. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

324 **mortified**: dead (metaphorically). 331 **To whom**: to the man to whom. 5 **present**: immediate.

Caesar. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.
Calphurnia. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Caesar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.
Calphurnia. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Caesar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

13 **stood on ceremonies:** thought much about religious signs or omens; cf. II. i. 197. [*N*]. 14–15 **one within** (who) **Besides. . .** 20 **right form of war:** proper warlike formation. 22 **hurtled:** clashed. 25 **use:** what usually happens, custom. 29 **Are to the world . . .** point to, are applicable to other men as much as to Caesar.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not; danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calphurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caesar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;

37 augurers: see II. i. 200. **39 entrails:** inner parts. **41 in shame of cowardice:** to shame cowards. **42 should be:** would be. **49 consum'd in confidence:** eaten up by self-confidence.

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Calphurnia. Say he is sick.
Caesar. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
Decius. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Caesar. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate:
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Caesar. And this way have you well expounded it.
Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,

75 **stays:** detains. 81 **imminent:** threatening. 93 **concluded:** determined.

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo! Caesar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Caesar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Publius. Good morrow, Caesar.
Caesar. Welcome, Publius.
What! Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
Brutus. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Caesar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Antony. So to most noble Caesar.
Caesar. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

96–7 **a mock Apt to be render'd:** a taunting reply likely to be made. 103 **proceeding:** conduct, way of life. 104 **liable:** subject. [*N*].

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Trebonius. Caesar, I will:—[*Aside.*] and so near will
I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 125
Caesar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Brutus. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O
Caesar!
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. The Same. A Street near the Capitol

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this. 10
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar! thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

6 security: carelessness. [*N*]. **7 lover:** friend; as often in Elizabethan English. **14 contrive:** conspire; cf. II. i. 158, 'a shrewd contriver'.

Scene IV. The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of *Brutus*

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.
Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy! be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Lucius. Madam, what shall I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Lucius. I hear none, madam.
Portia. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.
Portia. What is 't o'clock?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

18 **a bustling rumour:** the noise of stir or tumult. 20 **Sooth:** in sooth, truly.

Portia. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
Soothsayer. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Portia. I must go in. Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O! I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

31 **harm's intended:** harm which is intended. **37 more void:** emptier, less crowded.

ACT III

Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate Sitting Above

A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Caesar. [*To the* Soothsayer.] The ides of March are come.
Soothsayer. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Artemidorus. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.
Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Artemidorus. O Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.
Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Artemidorus. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
Caesar. What! is the fellow mad?
Publius. Sirrah, give place.
Caesar. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CAESAR.
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Brutus. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

3 **schedule:** scroll of paper. 8 **serv'd:** provided for, attended to. 18 **makes to:** advances towards.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus. Cassius, be constant.
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.
Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CAESAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.
Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Caesar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Caesar and his senate must redress?
Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
A humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Caesar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

19 **be sudden:** be quick. **prevention:** anticipation, cf. II. i. 85. 21 **Cassius or Caesar:** either Cassius or Caesar. **turn back:** return (alive). 24 **change** (colour). 28 **presently prefer:** at once present. 29 **address'd:** ready. 36 **couchings:** crouchings, bowings. 37 **fire the blood:** move the feelings of. 39–40 **fond To think:** so foolish as to think. 42 **With that:** by that.

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal
Caesar. What, Brutus!
Cassius. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Caesar. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

43 Low-crooked curtsies: curtsies made with the knee bent low. [*N*]. 51 **repealing:** recalling. 54 **freedom of repeal:** freedom by the repeal of his banishment. 58 **I could be well mov'd:** I might well be moved. 61 **resting:** permanent. [*N*]. 67 **apprehensive:** intelligent.

Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cinna. O Caesar,—
Caesar. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus!
Decius. Great Caesar,—
Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me! [*They stab Caesar.*
Caesar. *Et tu, Brute?* Then fall, Caesar! [*Dies.*
Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'
Brutus. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Decius. And Cassius too.
Brutus. Where's Publius?
Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
Brutus. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Brutus. Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where's Antony?
Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

75 bootless: uselessly, in vain. **94 abide:** pay for. [*N*].

As it were doomsday.
Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'
Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Brutus. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Decius. What! shall we forth?
Cassius. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

98 **As:** as if. 100 **stand upon:** see II. ii. 13. 114 **in sport:** i.e. on the stage. 115 **Pompey's basis:** at the base of Pompey's statue; cf. I. iii. 126.

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cassius. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Brutus. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.
Antony. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

131 resolv'd: satisfied (as in l. 141). [*N*]. **136 untrod state:** new state of affairs. **140 so please him:** if he please. **143 well to friend:** for a good friend. **144 a mind:** a presentiment. **145–6 still Falls shrewdly to the purpose:** always turns out very much to the point.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,

152 **let blood:** bled (to death). [*N*]. 157 **bear me hard:** see 1. ii. 309. 159 **Live:** if I were to live. 160 **apt:** ready. 161 **mean:** means, way. 181 **deliver:** render, give.

Have thus proceeded.
Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cassius. Mark Antony,—
Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;

191 **My credit:** my reputation, your opinion of me. 192 **conceit:** think of; cf. I. iii. 162. 202 **close:** unite myself. 204 **bay'd:** brought to bay, like a hunted stag. 206 **lethe:** death. [*N*].

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
Cassius. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
Antony. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRUTUS.] You know not what you do; do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Brutus. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest

213 **modesty:** moderation (in praise). 215 **compáct:** agreement. 221 **Upon this hope:** having this expectation. 224 **full of good regard:** full of good intention, worthy of respect; cf. IV. ii. 12. 228 **Produce his body to:** bring forward his body in. 235 **By your pardon:** let me explain my plan. 238 **protest:** declare.

He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Antony. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Antony. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:

268 **quarter'd:** cut to pieces. 269 **chok'd:** shall be choked. **with custom of fell deeds:** by cruel deeds having become common.

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
Servant. I do, Mark Antony.
Antony. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
[*Seeing the body.*
O Caesar!—
Antony. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;

270 **ranging:** roaming about, like a wild beast seeking prey. 271 **Ate:** ruin personified; in Greek tragedy especially the spirit of vengeance. 272 **confines:** borders, lands. 273 **Cry 'Havoc!':** give an order for pillaging and merciless slaughter. 274 **That:** so that. 275 **With carrion men:** like corpses. 283 **Passion:** emotion; see I. ii. 40 and note. 294 **issue:** action, deed (anything issuing from them).

According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CAESAR'S *body.*

Scene II. THE SAME. THE FORUM

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.
Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens; BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*
Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Brutus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved

4 part: divide. **9 compare:** let us compare. **10 When severally we hear:** i.e. when we have each heard one of them. **16 censure:** judge (*not* blame). **21 less:** than he did.

Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CAESAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

22–3 **die all slaves:** all die as slaves, die in slavery (to a king). 30 **rude:** barbarous, wild. 37–8 **extenuated:** lessened. 38–9 **enforced:** magnified. 43 **With this I depart:** my last word to you is.

Third Citizen. Let him be Caesar.
Fourth Citizen. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Brutus. My countrymen,—
Second Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
First Citizen. Peace, ho!
Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*
Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Citizen. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Second Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

65 beholding: beholden, indebted.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

80 **answer'd it:** paid for it. 89 **the general coffers:** the public treasury. 104 **judgment:** discretion, reason.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.
Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Citizen. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

114 abide it: pay for it; cf. III. i. 94 and note.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.
Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O! what would come of it?
Fourth Citizen. Read the will, we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.
Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.
Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honourable men!
Citizens. The will! the testament!
Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.
Antony. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
Second Citizen. Descend. [ANTONY *comes down.*
Third Citizen. You shall have leave.
Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.
First Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
Second Citizen. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

150 **o'ershot myself to tell you:** gone too far in telling you. 164 **Stand from:** stand away from, clear of. 167 **bear back:** give way.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Caesar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!
Second Citizen. O noble Caesar!
Third Citizen. O woeful day!
Fourth Citizen. O traitors! villains!

178 **As:** as if. **resolv'd:** cf. III. i. 131 and note. **193 dint:** impress.

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!
Second Citizen. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!
Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live.
Antony. Stay, countrymen!
First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

203 **About**! set to work. 211 **griefs**: grievances. 221 **right on**: straightforwardly, bluntly.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Citizen. Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Citizen. O royal Caesar!
Antony. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Citizen. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.
Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*
Antony. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

235 **your loves:** the love of each of you. 241 **every several man:** each individual man. 249 **common pleasures . . .** places for common pleasure in which you may walk abroad.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Antony. Where is he?
Servant. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. The Same. A Street

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*

Cinna. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Citizen. What is your name?
Second Citizen. Whither are you going?
Third Citizen. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Citizen. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
Second Citizen. Answer every man directly.
First Citizen. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Citizen. Ay, and wisely.
Third Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where

265 **upon a wish:** just when I want him. 269 **Belike:** probably. 3 **forth of doors:** out of doors. 9 **directly:** plainly. 12 **you were best:** it would be best for you to do so.

do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Citizen. As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

Second Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

Second Citizen. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Second Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*

18 **bear me a bang:** bear, receive a bang from me.

ACT IV

Scene I. Rome. A Room in Antony's House

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Antony. These many then shall die; their names are
prick'd.
Octavius. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lepidus. I do consent.
Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.
Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lepidus. What! shall I find you here?
Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octavius. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

1 prick'd: noted, cf. III. i. 216. **4 Upon condition:** on condition that. **6 spot:** mark. **damn:** condemn (to death). **12 slight unmeritable:** worthless and undeserving. **17 black:** fatal.

To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Antony. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;

27 **in commons:** on commons, common land. 32 **wind:** turn. **directly:** straight. 34 **taste:** sense. 36 **barren-spirited:** not having a fruitful mind. 40 **a property:** a mere tool, possibly from the use of stage 'property'. 41 **Listen:** hear, listen to. 42 **powers:** forces. 44 **means:** resources. 46 **covert:** secret. 47 **answered:** met. 49 **bay'd:** surrounded; cf. III. i. 204.

And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' Tent

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them.*

Brutus. Stand, ho!
Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Brutus. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucilius. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,

51 millions of mischiefs: any amount of harm (intended against us). **5 do you salutation:** pay you respects. **6 He greets me well:** I am pleased to have his greeting. **12 full of regard:** deserving of respect; cf. III. i. 224. **13 He is not doubted:** I do not distrust him (spoken to Pindarus). **16 familiar instances:** marks of familiarity.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Brutus. Hark! he is arriv'd.
[*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho!
Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Soldier. Stand!
Second Soldier. Stand!
Third Soldier. Stand!
Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Brutus. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

21 enforced ceremony: exaggerated (cf. III. ii. 38–9) courtesy. **23 hollow:** insincere. **hot at hand:** hot in hand, hard to rein in. **26 fall:** let fall. [*N*]. **29 the horse in general:** the horse as a whole, most of the cavalry. **41 content:** calm. **42 griefs:** grievances, as in I. iii. 118, &c.

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs;
And I will give you audience.
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. Within the Tent of Brutus

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

46 **enlarge:** enlarge upon, give free utterance to. 48 **their charges:** the troops committed to their care. 2 **noted:** branded with disgrace (the meaning of Latin *notare*). 4 **wherein:** and in this matter. 8 **his:** its. 11 **mart:** sell as in a mart or market.

Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is 't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

27 **bay:** bark at. 30 **to hedge me in:** in trying to control me.
31 **older in practice:** more experienced. 32 **Go to:** Nonsense!
36 **Have mind upon your health:** take care of your safety.
39 **give way:** make way for. **choler:** anger (so **choleric** l. 43).

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius. Is it come to this?
Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, 'better'?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not!
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What! durst not tempt him!
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:

44 budge: give way to you. **45 observe you:** show respect to you, humour you. **stand and crouch:** be patient and cower under. **46 testy:** irritable.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,

75 indirection: crooked unjust behaviour.
84 riv'd: broken.
93 alone on Cassius: on Cassius alone.
95 brav'd by his brother: taunted, defied by his brother-(in-law).

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus. And my heart too.
Cassius. O Brutus!
Brutus. What's the matter?
Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*
Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

111 much enforced: treated with much force, i.e. struck violently. **114 blood ill-temper'd:** a fit of bad temper. [*N*]. **121 over-earnest:** too severe; a euphemism for angry.

Lucilius. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Cassius. Now now! What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rime!
Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.
Brutus. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cassius. Away, away! be gone. [*Exit* Poet.
Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cassius. Ha! Portia!
Brutus. She is dead.
Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

136 **jigging:** rhyming. [*N*]. 137 **Companion:** fellow. **give place to:** give way to, allow them any hold on you. 151 **Upon what sickness?: from** what illness did she die?

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came:—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cassius. And died so?
Brutus. Even so.
Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*
Brutus. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?
Brutus. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.
Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Brutus. With what addition?
Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;

154 **fell distract:** became distracted, beside herself. 164 **call in question our necessities:** examine into our (military) requirements. 168 **power:** army; cf. IV. i. 42. 169 **expedition:** march.

Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cassius. Cicero one!
Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Brutus. No, Messala.
Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Brutus. Nothing, Messala.
Messala. That, methinks, is strange.
Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Messala. No, my lord.
Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cassius. I do not think it good.
Brutus. Your reason?
Cassius. This is it:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better,

189 **Why:** well then. 190 **once:** some day. 193 **in art:** in theory. 200 **Doing himself offence:** injuring himself. 201 **nimbleness:** freshness and mobility. 202 **of force:** perforce, of necessity.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cassius. Hear me, good brother.
Brutus. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cassius. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cassius. No more. Good-night:

204 **forc'd affection:** compulsory friendship, not in free allegiance to us. 208 **new-added** (to): with fresh additions to his numbers. 213 **tried the utmost of our friends:** tried **our** friends to the utmost. 218 **flood:** a flood tide is a full tide. 219 **Omitted:** if it (the tide) is missed. 223 **ventures:** merchandise, that which we have risked in the ships.

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Brutus. Lucius!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala:
Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, 231
Good-night, and good repose.
Cassius. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Brutus. Every thing is well. 235
Cassius. Good-night, my lord.
Brutus. Good-night, good brother.
Titinius. } Good-night, Lord Brutus.
Messala. }
Brutus. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Lucius. Here in the tent.
Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Lucius. Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?
Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep: 245
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

240 **o'er-watch'd:** overtired by keeping awake. **241 other:** others. 246 **raise:** arouse (and send you).

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS *lie down.*
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Brutus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Lucius. It is my duty, sir.
Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

257 **an 't:** if it.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Brutus. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
[*Ghost vanishes.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.
Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Lucius. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?
Lucius. Nothing, my lord.
Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!
Varro. My lord!
Claudius. My lord!
Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Varro. } Did we, my lord?
Claudius. }
Brutus. Ay: saw you any thing?
Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

279 **stare:** stand on end. 280 **Speak to me** (and tell me) **what thou art.** 289 **false:** out of tune.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro.
Claudius. } It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

305 **set on:** move forward.

ACT V

Scene I. THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

4 battles: divisions in battle array; so l. 16 below. **5 warn:** summon: i.e. challenge us. **9 and** (they) **come down:** *not* 'to come down'. **10 bravery:** ostentation. [*N*]. **face:** appearance. **15 something** (is about) **to be done immediately.** **16 softly:** quietly. **17 even field:** the level plain of Philippi. **19 cross me:** thwart my wishes. **exigent:** exigency, emergency.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.
Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Antony. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Octavius. Stir not until the signal.
Brutus. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'
Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Antony. Not stingless too?
Brutus. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Antony. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cassius. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

22 **we must out:** leave our ranks; cf. 'make forth', l. 25. 24 **answer on their charge:** meet their charge when it comes. 48 **the cause:** let us come to the point, to business.

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Brutus. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Brutus. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masquer and a reveller.
Antony. Old Cassius still!
Octavius. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Brutus. Ho!
Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucilius. My lord?
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *talk apart.*
Cassius. Messala!
Messala. What says my general?
Cassius. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day

49 **The proof of it:** *either* the result of it, *or* the endeavour to make good our arguments. 52 **goes up:** back into its sheath. 59 **strain:** race. 61 **peevish:** silly. 66 **stomachs:** appetites for fighting.

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Messala. Believe not so.
Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.
Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determined to do?

75–6 **set upon one battle:** risk in one battle. 79 **presage:** forewarn. [*N*]. 80 **former ensign:** foremost standard. 83 **consorted us:** consorted with, accompanied us. 87 **As:** as if. 96 **rest still incertain:** always remain uncertain. 97 **reason with:** take into account.

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Brutus. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Brutus. Why, then, lead on. O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. The Same. The Field of Battle

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*

105 **fall:** befall, happen. 105–6 **prevent The time of life:** anticipate the natural limit of my life. [*N*]. 107 **stay:** await.
1 **bills:** notes, written messages.

Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. Another Part of the Field

Alarum. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cassius. O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;

3 ensign: standard-bearer. [*N*]. **6 Who:** for he, in that he. **on:** over. **19 even with a thought:** as quickly as you can think of it.

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[PINDARUS *ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pindarus. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cassius. What news?
Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius! now some light; O! he lights too:
He's ta'en; [*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.
Cassius. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pindarus. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

21 **thick:** dim. 31 **light:** alight. 38 **swore thee:** made thee swear; transitive, as in II. i. 129. 42 **search:** probe, penetrate.

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Messala. Where did you leave him?
Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Messala. See him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

51 **change**: exchange, alternation of fortune. One side had won on one wing, one on the other.

68 **apt**: ready to receive impressions (Lat. *aptus* = ready).

72 **What**: Hallo! cf. II. i. 1.

As tidings of this sight.
Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Messala. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.
Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Brutus. O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

78 **Hie you**: hasten (on your errand). 96 **proper**: (cf. I. ii. 41 note) merely strengthens 'own'.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. Another Part of the Field

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *Young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.
First Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucilius. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Second Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Soldier. I'll tell the news: here comes the general.

108 **battles:** troops. **12 Only I yield to die:** I will only yield in order to die.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Antony. Where is he?
Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Antony. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*
Clitus. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Brutus. Peace, then! no words.
Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.
Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*
Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?
Clitus. O, Dardanius!
Dardanius. O, Clitus!
Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

32 is chanc'd: has turned out.

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Volumnius. What says my lord?
Brutus. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Volumnius. Not so, my lord.
Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
Brutus. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

27 **prithee:** pray thee. 30 **there is no tarrying here:** we must not tarry here. 41 **would rest:** desire rest. [*N*].

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, 'Fly, fly, fly!'
Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly.
Brutus. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—[*He runs on his sword.*]
Caesar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?
Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Octavius. Do so, good Messala.
Messala. How died my master, Strato?
Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

45 **of a good respect:** of good standing, reputation: cf. I. ii. 59. 46 **smatch:** smack (the same word), taste. 56 **only:** alone. 60 **entertain them:** take them into my service. 61 **bestow:** spend. 62 **prefer:** recommend.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'
Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

78 **bones**: corpse. 80 **the field**: the armies.

NOTES

Folio = first Folio of 1623.
North = North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*.
References to other plays are made to the one volume Oxford Shakespeare.
Textual notes and a few other more advanced notes are enclosed within brackets thus [ ].

ACT I. SCENE I

As usual Shakespeare starts lightly with unimportant characters, and gradually works up to the mention of Caesar (l. 34), after which verse replaces prose. Caesar is returning to Rome from the defeat of Pompey's sons in Spain (ll. 35–7).

3. **ought not walk.** 'to' is not elsewhere omitted after 'ought' by Shakespeare, but the usage occurs in Langland, Chaucer, Holinshed, and even Milton (*P.L.* viii. 73–4).

4–5. **the sign of your profession.** There is no clear evidence that the members of medieval guilds had to wear a sign of their profession on working days; still less that any such rule applied in republican Rome. Probably the tribune only means to ask why the workmen are in holiday attire.

11. The man is punning on his profession of boot-repairer; but Marullus takes the word in the sense of bungler and repeats his question with emphasis on the word 'trade'.

15. **soles.** Folio spells 'souls'. The same pun occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 123:

> Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
> Thou mak'st thy knife keen.

20. [Perhaps 'thou' should be omitted to make the line metrical like the tribunes' other speeches.]

26. [**but with awl.** Folio has 'but withal I am indeed Sir . . .'. Malone's comment, applicable elsewhere also, is: 'Where our author uses words equivocally [i.e. in a double sense] he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakespeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear.']

33. **But indeed, sir.** He passes from foolery to the true reason.

40. **Pompey.** The name occurs in an emphatic position and is

reiterated in ll. 45 and 54. 'For Pompey dead is to Caesar something of what Caesar dead is to be to Brutus and the rest.' (Granville-Barker.)

50. The banks are called concave as being hollowed out by the stream.

54. **Pompey's blood:** the sons of Pompey, defeated at Munda in Spain, March, 45 B.C. Shakespeare transfers the triumph to February, 44 B.C., to concentrate the drama.

62. **till the lowest stream . . .** till the river where it is now lowest rises to its banks where they are highest. The stamp of the poet lies in the word 'kiss'; for a poet is marked primarily by the power of metaphor.

64. **metal** and 'mettle' (Folio) were not distinguished in Shakespeare's time. Cf. I. ii. 292 and 305.

67. The **images** were of Caesar (Plutarch).

68. **ceremonies** (probably to be pronounced as three syllables here and in II. i. 197, but as four syllables in I. ii. 11) the 'trophies' of l. 72 and 'scarfs' of I. ii. 282. Suetonius says they were a laurel crown tied with a white band.

70. **The feast of Lupercal** originally commemorated the suckling of Rome's founders, Romulus and Remus, by a wolf (Lat. *lupa*), and their finding at the place called Lupercal in Rome. In Plutarch it is called 'the feast of shepherds or herdmen'.

75–6. **These growing feathers . . .** Caesar is compared to a bird who, as his feathers grow, tries a higher flight ('pitch'). If you pluck these feathers, you will reduce his ambition.

Thus the main subject, Caesar's assassination, is foreshadowed.

In this scene, as in the opening of several other tragedies, 'we are made conscious of some power which is to influence the whole action to the hero's undoing. In *Macbeth* we see and hear the Witches, in *Hamlet* the Ghost. In the first scene of *Julius Caesar* and of *Coriolanus* those qualities of the crowd are vividly shown which render hopeless the enterprise of the one hero [i.e. Brutus] and wreck the ambition of the other.' (A. C. Bradley.)

ACT I. SCENE II

In this scene we meet Caesar, a rather pompous Caesar, and learn of the jealousy of Cassius. We also meet Brutus, and with Shakespeare's 'usual care that the first things we learn shall be essential things, his very first sentence (l. 19)—measured, dispassionate, tinged with disdain—gives us so much of the man to perfection'. (Granville-Barker.)

The long scene is elaborately contrived to show us Caesar at his worst and the conspirators at their best.

1. Calphurnia is introduced here by Shakespeare, perhaps to stress Caesar's superstition in desiring to see her touched.

8. **this holy chase.** At the Lupercalia young noblemen ran about naked striking the bystanders with leathern thongs.

9. 'Sterile curse' is a curse of sterility just as in l. 295 'tardy form' = form, appearance, of tardiness; so often, an adjective replacing a noun in the genitive case.

17. **Caesar is turn'd to hear.** By making Caesar speak of himself in the third person Shakespeare probably conveys a sense of self-importance in him. Shakespeare may have known that Caesar always uses the third person in his Gallic War when speaking of his actions; but there no arrogance appears.

19. [To make this line metrically regular we must treat 'soothsayer' as two syllables and 'beware' as one (or with Capell omit 'be-'). Otherwise it is an Alexandrine with two trochees instead of iambics. Cf. l. 114 note.]

28. **gamesome:** inclined for games or sport. Antony had entered 'for the course'.

33. **that gentleness . . . as.** We now say 'that gentleness . . . which', or 'such gentleness . . . as'. Cf. l. 173.

35–6. **You bear too stubborn . . .** you are too stiff and distant with your friend. The metaphor is probably from riding, bearing too hard a rein on a horse, as in *King Lear*, III. i. 27.

40. **passions of some difference:** different from one another, i.e. conflicting emotions. For passion = emotion cf. III. i. 283, where tears are meant.

41. In Latin *proprius* = 'one's own'; cf. V. iii. 96.

42. The word 'soil' is not found in Shakespeare meaning ground in the metaphorical sense of an excuse for something.
behaviours: used in plural with singular sense in Elizabethan and Stuart times.

46. Brutus calls himself 'poor' because he is distracted and miserable at the state of Rome.

65. **that which is not in me:** i.e. the 'hidden worthiness'. Cf. l. 57.

68. **I, your glass . . . I,** acting as your mirror, will reveal to you without exaggeration the hidden part of yourself.

72. [Folio has 'laughter'. Most editors emend to 'laugher'; but we might

keep 'laughter' in the sense of 'a subject or matter for laughter' (O.E.D.) as in IV. iii. 113 below and *1 Henry IV*, II. ii. 105.]

72. **or did use . . .** if I was in the habit of making my love cheap by avowing it constantly with oaths to every newcomer who protests friendship for me.

80. Cassius shows his quick wit in seizing on the word let fall by Brutus in order to bring him to his own way of thinking.

86. Put honour and death in front of me (one in the sight of each eye) and I will choose my course of action impartially (with reference not to them but only to my country's good).

88. **For let the gods . . .** Heaven help me in so far as it is true that . . .

92. **honour.** The word is premonitory of Antony's harping on Brutus being an honourable man. Shakespeare is full of such backward and forward references.

101. **chafing with:** chafing, or chafing against; the 'with' may have come from the metaphorical meaning, 'angry with'.

112. **our great ancestor.** Aeneas, son of Anchises, was the reputed settler of the Roman race in Italy. This is the main theme of the *Aeneid*.

114. [This line is an Alexandrine (i.e. 6 feet instead of 5) and even then it has a 'double ending' (i.e. an extra syllable at the end).]

119. **He had a fever . . .** The incident is from Plutarch, but there the sentence continues 'but yet therefore [he] yielded not to the disease of his body'.

122. Shakespeare puts in a more original form 'the colour fled from his lips', influenced perhaps by the idea of a soldier deserting the colours.

124. **his:** 'its' is rarely used by Shakespeare, and never in A.V. of Bible, 1611.

127. **Titinius** appears as a friend of Cassius in V. iii.

135. **a Colossus.** The Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, was a colossal bronze statue of Apollo, 100 feet high, erected and overthrown in the third century B.C. It was later supposed, but wrongly, that its legs bestrode the harbour. (See an imaginary reconstruction and description in *Wonders of the Past*, ed. Hammerton, pp. 765–6.)

139. For the idea cf. IV. iii. 217: 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' &c. J. M. Barrie entitles his play *Dear Brutus* to suggest

the same thought, that men are to some extent responsible for their fate. In earlier times the planet ('star') under which a man was born was often thought to control his destiny.

154. **[walks.** Folio 'walks' is defensible if less easy and obvious than 'walls', conjectured by Rowe in 1714 and adopted by many editors. Milton may have remembered the text as it was till Rowe when he wrote of Satan in Eden (*P.L.* iv. 596):

> But if within the circuit of these walks
> In whatsoever shape he lurk.]

155. **Rome:** pronounced more like 'room'. The same pun occurs in *King John*, III. i. 180; and in *Lucrece*, l. 1644, it rhymes with 'groom'.

158. **There was a Brutus once.** See II. i. 53. Junius Brutus expelled the Tarquins from Rome 510 B.C.

159. **[Th' eternal devil.** 'Infernal' is an attractive emendation, which was favoured by Dr. Johnson, but is not quite necessary. Some think Shakespeare dared not write 'infernal' because of the Act of James I forbidding profanity on the stage. The play, however, probably antedates the Act, so that possibly the Folio (1623) made the change to 'eternal'. If Shakespeare wrote 'eternal' he simply chose an expressive epithet of which the meaning need not be pressed.]

160. **king.** The word is emphatic, since the idea was hateful to a Roman.

161. i.e. I am not suspicious as to your love for me, I do not doubt it. Cf. Cassius' words, l. 71, &c.

165. **so with love . . .** if, provided that my love may claim a favour.

170. **chew upon this.** The word 'chew' in the metaphorical sense of thinking over something is now only used colloquially. Some other expressions which are now slang were once good literary English.

175–6. Cf. what Brutus says of himself, IV. iii. 109–11.

185. **ferret.** A ferret's eyes are red. The graphic picture in these lines is due to Shakespeare alone.

191–4. Shakespeare has here put in a setting of his own two remarks attributed by Plutarch to Caesar. 'He thinks too much' is the exclamation of a man of action. 'The practical man, accustomed to divide mankind into a few simple types, is always uncomfortable at finding a man he cannot classify' (Moulton); cf. ll. 200–4.

196. North has the phrase 'not so well given' about Cassius, and

Shakespeare has probably remembered it and used it for another end.

198. **my name:** i.e. 'I'. Such a periphrasis is common in Greek, but here may be due to the fact that Caesar speaks of himself by name, e.g. l. 17.

203. The inevitable parallel is *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 83–5:

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

210–12. Shakespeare has introduced the deafness himself (it is not in Plutarch) and the human infirmity is made more noticeable by the pomposity of the preceding lines.

214. The change to prose suits the 'blunt', sarcastic Casca.

233. **I can as well be hang'd . . .** almost our 'I am hanged if I can remember'.

242. **[shouted:** Folio 'howted', i.e. hooted, is quite tenable.**]**

249. **the market-place:** the Forum, centre of Roman political life.

251. **the falling-sickness.** This was the contemporary word for epilepsy or epileptic fits and occurs in North. In l. 253 Cassius probably means that they will fall before Caesar's ambition if they let him remain supreme.

255. **tag-rag:** cf. our 'rag-tag and bob-tail'.

262. **plucked me ope:** plucked open for me to see.

doublet. Elizabethan actors wore the dress of their own day, not the Roman toga, so that the anachronism would be natural. But it occurs in North also, 'doublet-collar'.

263. **a man of any occupation** might appear at first sight to mean 'a man of any enterprise' to suit the context. But, as this sense of 'occupation' is not apparently found elsewhere, it may mean only a man of any trade, 'mechanical' (I. i. 3), i.e. one of the audience. A writer of 1576 has 'trades mechanical, occupations I mean'.

275. **he spoke Greek.** Cicero is fond of using Greek phrases in his letters. For all his affectation of ignorance here, Casca in Plutarch calls to his brother in Greek at the murder of Caesar. In fact the character of Casca is Shakespeare's own creation; of the only two things which Plutarch records, Shakespeare rejects one.

292. **quick mettle:** 'of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit' as Milton says of his countrymen.

293. **execution:** five syllables, not four, as usual with endings in *-ion*.

295. **tardy form.** See note to 'sterile curse', l. 9.

310–11. i.e. if I were Brutus and Brutus were Cassius, he (Brutus) should not win me over to his designs (as I am trying to win over Brutus now). Caesar loves Brutus; therefore Brutus is ill-advised to listen to Cassius persuading him to turn against Caesar. It suits the context less well to take 'he' of l. 310 as Caesar.

317–18. The rhyming couplet rounds off a scene, as so often.

This speech of Cassius puts him in a lower light than the rest of the play, almost among villains like Iago or Richard III. 'Probably Cassius is making the worst of his own case and is indulging that vein of self-mockery and scorn that Caesar observed in him.' (MacCallum.)

ACT I. SCENE III

Rome is shown to be full of portents and alarms. Thus the audience are keyed up to expect some catastrophe. In this scene Casca talks in verse, and is no longer the 'blunt fellow' of the previous scene. The force of the warning terrors can be measured by the fact that they shake even *him* into eloquence.

10. **tempest dropping fire:** a storm raining down lightning and thunderbolts. North has 'fires in the element'.

12. **saucy:** 'In Shakespeare's time often an epithet of more serious condemnation than at present.' Cf. 'naughty', I. i. 16.

21. [**glaz'd:** corrected by Rowe to 'glar(e)d', but glaze is known in dialects for 'stare', and we speak of a 'glazed look' and a 'glassy eye'.]

31–2. **portentous things unto the climate . . .** things portending (prophesying) evil to the country they point towards.

34. **construe** is accented by Shakespeare on first syllable.

35. **Clean from the purpose . . . in a** way completely at variance with the meaning of the things themselves.

49. **the thunder-stone:** the thunder-bolt, supposed to fall when lightning came.

64. **from quality and kind:** (behave) contrary to their disposition and nature. The verb does not come till the sentence is picked up in l. 66.

65. [This Folio reading 'Why Old Men, Fooles, and Children calculate' can stand, meaning that people who do not usually think much do so

now; but many editors accept an emendation which makes the line more pointed: 'Why old men fool, and children calculate'.]

66–7. With this punctuation the verb 'change' is intransitive and 'their natures and preformed faculties' (i.e. faculties designed for certain ends) further explains 'ordinance' (prescribed behaviour).

[If we omit comma at 'ordinance' the verb 'change' governs 'their natures', &c.]

75. **the lion in the Capitol** may, but need not, refer to the lion of l. 20 met by Casca. We do not know that lions were kept in the Capitol, but they *were* kept in the Tower of London, which may well have represented the Capitol to Shakespeare and his audience. In II. i. 111 the Capitol is pointed to as due east and this was the position of the Tower from the Globe Theatre in Bankside.

89. At first sight we may be tempted to take this line as meaning 'I will carry my dagger ready to murder Caesar'; but a careful reading of what follows shows that it means that Cassius will commit suicide, will wear his dagger sheathed in his own body.

93. Perhaps Lovelace unconsciously remembered this passage when he wrote in his famous song 'To Althea':

> Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage!

106. **hinds:** deer, the natural prey of lions; with a possible play on its other meaning of 'servants'.

124. **Of honourable-dangerous consequence:** involving honourable danger, honour with danger, in its issue. In such combinations the first adjective is equivalent to an adverb qualifying the second.

126. **Pompey's porch.** According to Plutarch the Senate met and Caesar was assassinated in 'one of the porches about the theatre', i.e. the theatre of Pompey in the Campus Martius by the Tiber (cf. l. 152). Shakespeare has transferred the murder and with it Pompey's statue to the Capitol, but fixes the meeting of the conspirators here.

129. [Folio's 'is favours' must, I think, be emended, in spite of Furness. The emendation accepted (Johnson's) involves less change than Rowe's 'is feav'rous'.]

137. **I am glad on't.** This answers the first part of Cassius' speech.

146. **old Brutus' statue:** Junius Brutus, see I. ii. 158.

148. [**Decius Brutus:** a mistake of Amyot's for Decimus, followed by

North; corrected in Amyot's second edition. In l. 149 Metellus Cimber is North's own mistake for Tullius.]

157. Casca, in spite of his cynical depreciation of others, bears unqualified testimony to Brutus. It is part of Shakespeare's way of gaining our sympathy for Brutus to show us him through the opinions of others.

159. **alchemy** sought the power of transmuting base into precious metals. It was thus a false science, related to chemistry as astrology was to astronomy.

ACT II. SCENE I

One effect of this scene is to give us a very high opinion of Brutus personally, though not of his reasoning power (see fourth extract on the character of Brutus, pp. 166–7). His relations with Lucius and with Portia (the former character being entirely due to Shakespeare) show him in a particularly attractive light, and the latter relationship forms a marked contrast to that of Caesar and Calphurnia in the next scene.

1. What and 'when' and 'what' in l. 5 are simply exclamations of impatience.

10. It: the end of tyranny, the remedy for our troubles. The plunge 'in medias res' is effective, helping us to realize that Brutus has long been agitated by the matter.

[With this speech cf. *Macbeth*, I. vii. 1, 'If it were done when 'tis done', &c. Both Brutus and Macbeth suffer a state of division due to conflicting impulses for and against murder. Cf. also ll. 61–9 of this scene and *Macbeth*, I. iii. 130, &c.].

14. i.e. so prosperity, the attainment of his wishes, might make Caesar dangerous.

18–19. Brutus himself was abusing the power of the assassin's dagger, in neglecting the human sympathy ('remorse') to which Caesar was entitled as a man and as his friend.

28. **since the quarrel . . .** since the accusation (complaint, Lat. *queror*) admits of no pretext (i.e. receives no support), from what he is now, think of it like this; that his present position, increased, might lead him to such and such extreme actions. 'Brutus's own conscience being judge, the man against whom he moves is guiltless; and so the conscious sacrifice of justice and friendship to policy is a fatal error which is source sufficient for the whole tragedy of which Brutus is the hero.' (Moulton.)

40. [Folio has 'the first of March'. This may be a mistake of the printer's; and in l. 59 the writer knows the Ides are not the first. But it is possible that Shakespeare was nodding, or remembering a passage in North's *Plutarch* which refers to the Senate meeting 'the first day of the month of March'.]

44. Meteors or shooting stars were thought to be *exhaled* by the heat of the sun in the evening. The words serve to remind the audience that the scene is supposed to be night, although it is being acted by daylight.

47. [**Shall Rome, &c.** To make this line scan pronounce 'et cetera'. But in l. 51 we only require two syllables, so that Rowe's substitution of a dash, suggesting a pause, may be sound.]

59. **fifteen.** It is before 3 a.m. on the morning of March 15 (l. 192) so that strictly only fourteen days are wasted, but the expression is doubtless a conventional one for giving a date.

63–5. The interval between the first impulse to do a dreadful thing and the putting of it into execution is like a nightmare.

66. **The genius and the mortal instruments:** A man's mind (properly the angel or spirit that controls his destiny) and the bodily powers that carry out his will. The divided state of such a man has been well illustrated by the conduct of Macbeth from his meeting with the witches till his murder of Duncan. Cf. especially *Macbeth*, I. iii. 139–42:

> 'My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
> Shakes so my single state of man', &c.

70. **brother,** in-law, Cassius having married Brutus' sister, Junia.

96. [This line is prose, as it stands. It could be restored to verse by the omission of 'this' before the two latter names; perhaps they were inserted in the printed version to replace a gesture on the stage.]

100. **Shall I entreat a word?:** may I speak to you for a minute? The others make conversation, ll. 101–11, while Brutus and Cassius speak apart.

108. **Weighing the youthful season:** considering that it is still early spring (when the sun rises rather to the south of east).

111. See note to I. iii. 75.

114. **if not the face of men . . .** if the general unhappiness visible is not a strong enough motive to bind us together. The sentence is left unfinished at 'the time's abuse' and resumed in a new form. What Brutus says here is barely consistent with his admission (l. 20) that Caesar had not yet abused his power. The mere existence of a virtual monarchy causes suffering to a Brutus.

117. **idle bed:** bed of idleness. The epithet is transferred from the men who would be idle to the bed.

119. **by lottery:** one by one, and as it were by a bolt from the blue, his fate having the uncertainty of a drawing of lots.

124. **what other bond . . .** what other bond do we need than the fact that we are Romans who can hold our tongues, and having pledged our word will not shuffle out of it?

130. **carrions:** used by Shakespeare elsewhere, and by North also, of men not yet dead; as we might say 'a feeble carcass'.

134. **insuppressive:** insuppressible. Adjectives in *-ive* often had a passive sense. When Milton speaks of the 'unexpressive nuptial song' with which the saints above entertain Lycidas he does *not* mean that it was dull and pointless!

135. **or our cause or . . .** either our cause or our execution of it required strengthening by an oath.

146. **buy:** win over, the metaphor being suggested perhaps by 'silver' in l. 144.

150. **break with:** impart something to; so quite often. The simplest form, with object expressed, is seen in 'Break this enterprise to me' (*Macbeth*, I. vii. 48).

151–2. This reason does not occur in Plutarch, but would seem a just reading of Cicero's character. For Shakespeare would have learnt of Cicero's vanity from Plutarch's life of Cicero. But perhaps the leaving him out may be reckoned the first of the cases where Cassius unwisely gave way to Brutus; for Cicero's oratory might have been a better counterblast to Antony's than was the cold reasoning of Brutus.

162. 'The use of criminal means has usually an intoxicating effect upon the moral sense, and suggests to those once committed to it that it is useless to haggle over the amount of the crime until the end be obtained. Brutus resists this intoxication, setting his face against the proposal to include Antony in Caesar's fate, and resolving that not one life shall be unnecessarily sacrificed' (Moulton). That this very nobility is the chief cause of the conspirators' ruin is part of the tragedy of Brutus.

173. Brutus feels that the grandeur of the victim gives a dignity to the crime.

176. **their servants:** the 'mortal instruments' of l. 66. The relation of the mind to the body is compared to that of a master and his

servants, in such a case as that of Henry II, who half suggested the murder of Becket and then blamed those who took him at his word.

177. **This shall make . . .** Such a cool, cold-blooded assassination will make us appear to be carrying out a necessary purpose of cleansing the state, not a murder prompted by vindictive personal feeling.

185–7. It is the mark of Brutus' excessive idealism to deny that a man can do them mischief because he is a loose liver.

192. **the clock.** Clocks were of course unknown in Rome, but Shakespeare did not mind anachronisms of this sort any more than in dress.

195. Note the last two words. Caesar has deteriorated in firmness of mind.

196–7. **from the main opinion . . .** contrary to the strong opinion he formerly held about hallucinations, dreams, and religious observances (like omens).

204. **unicorns.** The method is well described in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, II. v. 10. The lion pursued by the unicorn was supposed to run to a tree and then to slip aside, allowing the unicorn to bury his horn in the tree and so stick fast while the lion attacked him.

205. **bears with glasses.** Perhaps Shakespeare had read Pliny's story about tigers (not bears) being sometimes beguiled by the scattering of glass on the ground; in which they saw their own reflection and, supposing it to be a cub, were hindered in the pursuit of their human prey.

elephants were caught in pits, a method described by Pliny the elder, who was translated by Philemon Holland in 1601; but his stories were always widely known.

[For Animals in Shakespeare see *Shakespeare's England*, i. 475–99.]

210. **I can give . . .** I know the way to humour him, I can give the right turn to his mood. See how Decius does this, II. ii. 58–104.

215. **bear Caesar hard:** cf. I. ii. 309, footnote.

[The reason given is not quite that of Plutarch; there Ligarius, after being pardoned by Caesar for 'taking part with Pompey', is offended with Caesar 'for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power'. Perhaps Shakespeare misunderstood the meaning of the phrase 'taking part with' in North as if it was 'taking the part of'.]

225. **put on our purposes:** clothe themselves in, wear openly. Cf. I. ii. 295, 'he puts on this tardy form'.

226. **bear it:** conduct yourselves (an idiomatic and archaic use of 'it' which does not refer to any noun in the context).

227. This is one of the rare favourable references to acting in Shakespeare. Most of his references to the actors of his own day are unfavourable.

262. **humours:** dampness, moisture. This is the original meaning (Lat. *umor*). It was applied especially to the four chief (supposed) fluids of the human body (blood, phlegm, choler, melancholy) by the relative proportions of which a person's physical and mental qualities were held to be determined. Hence its use in l. 250.

274. **your half:** cf. the expression 'better-half', of a wife or husband.

281. **Is it excepted:** is even a wife not allowed to know your secrets?

285–7. Shakespeare has taken from Plutarch the substance of ll. 286–7, but has enormously enriched it by the imaginative expression 'Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?' i.e. not in your own house, and in the centre of your self, where a true wife should.

289–90. Some have seen in these two lovely lines an anticipation of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, made public shortly after Shakespeare's death.

295 **Cato's daughter:** cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 166–7:

> Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
> To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

Cato, great-grandson of the more celebrated Cato the Censor, was a Stoic who, after his enemy Caesar won the battle of Thapsus, committed suicide at Utica, 46 B.C. His daughter shows her stoicism, in the popular sense, by giving herself a voluntary wound (l. 300).

299. **made strong proof of my constancy:** thoroughly tested my firmness of temper (and so shown that I can be trusted).

307. **engagements:** undertakings on which I have embarked, pledges I have given.

construe: expound; accented, as usual in Shakespeare, on first syllable.

310. In Plutarch Brutus visits Ligarius. But a dramatist does not change his scene more than is necessary.

315. **a kerchief:** a sign of illness; hence discarded, l. 321.

323. An **exorcist** usually drives away spirits, here summons them.

ACT II. Scene II

In this scene Caesar appears not to be so firm of purpose as he would like the world to think. He who claims to be as 'constant as the northern star' twice changes his mind about going to the senate. It is easy to say that he is made both arrogant and vacillating, but perhaps that is too simple an account of one of the most difficult characters in Shakespeare. Shakespeare knew the greatness of Caesar, as we can see from his references to him in other plays, and from the heroic ring of some lines in this play, but he must keep our sympathies for the conspirators up to the crisis of the play. Caesar must appear weak even if he is not so in reality. 'The unflinching courage that overrides and interprets otherwise the prodigies and warnings seems presumption to us who know the reality of the danger. It is the same with his yielding to the humour of his wife. Why should he not? his is not the conscious weakness that must be firm to show it is not afraid. Yet when, upon Decius's explaining away the dream and satisfying Calphurnia's fears, Caesar's own attraction to danger leads him to persevere in his first intention, this change of purpose seems to us, who have heard Decius's boast that he can o'ersway Caesar with flattery, a confirmation of Caesar's weakness.' (Moulton.)

Thunder and lightning: to restore the mood of the storm (I. iii), which is shown to have affected Calphurnia. Notice how often the state of the sky had been alluded to: II. i. 44, 101, 198, 221, 263.

3. **Who 's within?** Caesar would be on the outer stage, the servant appearing from the inner stage or recess under the gallery; see the illustration on p. 20.

12. **they are vanished:** for 'they will vanish', expressing the suddenness and certainty of the event.

13. This phrase has become proverbial for paying attention to (or, in negative, neglecting) matters of rank, dignity, procedure, &c. But 'stand on' = 'insist on', 'be particular about', is common in Shakespeare.

16. **the watch.** As usual, familiar features of Elizabethan England

are read back into Roman times. The first watchmen at Rome were soon to be established by Augustus (the Octavius of this play). But Shakespeare has immortalized the watch of his own day in Dogberry and Verges of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

19. **[fought.** Folio 'fight' may be right, an 'historic present' for greater vividness; but the reversion to past tense in 'drizzled' is against it. So Folio has 'do neigh' in l. 23.]

28. **[Yet Caesar shall go forth.** This phrase occurs in Marlowe's *Massacre of Paris*, l. 1220, *acted c.* 1592, but may have been inserted there from here, as the printed edition is undated.]

31. **blaze:** blazon abroad (as with a trumpet), but with a side reference to the blazing trail of a comet.

32. Shakespeare gives a more vivid form to North's *Plutarch* where Caesar says, 'It was better to die once, than always to be afraid of death'.

42. **a beast without a heart:** cowardly, as the heart is spoken of as the seat of courage.

46. **[We are.** Folio 'We heare' must be emended into either 'we are' or 'we were'.]

56. **for thy humour:** to humour you; *or*, because of your caprice (cf. II. i. 250).

67. **greybeards.** The senators are thought of as old men.

68. At the moment of professing his fearlessness, Caesar is reluctant to give the true reason, Calphurnia's alarm at the omens.

76. **statue.** This line has only nine syllables, unless we treat 'statuë' as a trisyllable (but cf. l. 85), or print the form 'statua', which is found, for example, in Bacon.

89. **For tinctures . . .** 'tinctures' and 'cognizance' (here equivalent to a plural form) are heraldic terms. 'Tinctures' here means something stained with Caesar's blood and 'cognizance' means the same article worn as a distinguishing badge. The whole idea is taken from the holiness attached to the blood of martyrs and saints, e.g. Thomas à Becket. Cf. III. ii. 133.

104. **reason to my love is liable:** my reason is subject to my love, i.e. I am going beyond the bounds of prudence in speaking so freely, but it is at the dictates of love.

112. Cf. II. i. 215.

121. **hour's:** metrically two syllables, as it almost is phonetically.

128–9. i.e. Brutus regrets to think that in this case behaving 'like friends' is not the same thing as being friends.

ACT II. SCENE III

Artemidorus was a Greek teacher of rhetoric, 'who, by means of his profession, was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Caesar' (North's *Plutarch*). The scene serves to show that Caesar had well-wishers, and to make the audience wonder whether the conspiracy may not be found out in time.

6. **security gives way to:** false confidence provides an opportunity for ('securus' in Latin means 'feeling safe', not necessarily 'being safe' which is 'tutus').

12. **Out of the teeth of emulation:** without being exposed to jealousy ('emulation' now means rivalry in a good sense; some words improve in sense, though more deteriorate).

ACT II. SCENE IV

This scene is based on one sentence in Plutarch's life of Brutus. The historian says Portia sent message after message; the dramatist shows her doing it. Our sense of expectancy is heightened as we see the crisis first through the eyes of Brutus' wife.

6. **O constancy:** the firmness to which she laid claim in II. i. 299.

7. **Set a huge mountain . . .** interpose a great barrier to prevent my tongue betraying my feelings and through them my husband's secret.

27. **Thou hast some suit.** It is Artemidorus who actually presents the suit in the next scene (l. 6). Shakespeare may have brought in a soothsayer here because of this sentence of North's *Plutarch*: 'Howbeit other are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial and not Artemidorus.'

42. **Sure, the boy heard me.** Portia's words down to this point must be an aside. She fears Lucius heard ll. 6–9 and 39–41, and gives him the explanation that follows, ll. 42–3. Her last words show her forgetfulness of herself and her thought for Brutus even in the climax of her distress.

ACT III. SCENE I

The crisis of the play. Caesar shows nobility in l. 8 and dies with dignity, but his pompous pride is once more brought out in the two

longest speeches before his murder. Antony appears as something more than the irresponsible reveller he had been hitherto.

The Senate sitting above: i.e. in the gallery above the inner stage.

[This stage direction is not in Folio. If it is correct Caesar cannot have come 'up' to the senate in the gallery after l. 12 but from the front of the stage which represented the street to the back or perhaps into the inner stage; in the latter case the senate may have been there and not 'above'. Caesar's murder would probably take place on the outer stage but in relation to the senators on the inner stage.]

1. **The ides of March . . .** Caesar refers back to the Soothsayer's warning in I. ii. 18, which Plutarch first mentions at this point as having happened 'long time afore', though the dramatist made more of it. The two short lines form a striking opening, effectively measuring out a narrow area of time in which the crisis is to work itself out.

7. [Metre could be restored by omitting 'great' with Pope.]

8. Caesar's refusal to read Artemidorus' letter may be taken as an illustration of the 'confidence' against which Calphurnia warns him, II. ii. 49.

12. **Come to the Capitol.** Here, and in *Hamlet*, III. ii. 113, Shakespeare places Caesar's murder in the Capitol, whereas it really took place in the Forum; the mistake has been shown to have been prevalent both before and after Shakespeare.

19. Casca was to strike the first blow (l. 30).

22. **constant:** firm; as in l. 60 below, and as Portia spoke of her 'constancy' in II. i. 299. A Roman trait, appropriate to a Roman play. Notice that when Cassius is losing his head, Brutus is still calm enough to watch faces.

25. [**Trebonius.** Shakespeare here follows Plutarch's life of Brutus, not his life of Caesar where it is Decius Brutus.]

31. **Are we all ready?** for the business of the day. But the words in their setting suggest another meaning to the audience.

38–9. **turn pre-ordinance . . .** make that which is firmly ordained and fixed as changeable as children's decisions. Caesar speaks of his acts, such as the banishment of Cimber, as if they were the laws of the Medes and Persians.

39. [Folio has 'lane' for 'law' (which would have to mean the narrow limits which they will outgrow), but it can hardly stand.]

43. **spaniel fawning:** fawning like a spaniel (cf. l. 46 'like a cur').

[It has recently been pointed out that whenever the idea of false friends or flatterers occurs in Shakespeare we find the same images associated. 'These are a dog or spaniel fawning and licking, candy,

sugar, or sweets, thawing or melting.' The explanation offered is that it was the habit in Elizabethan times to have dogs at table licking the hands of guests, fawning and begging for sweetmeats of which they would eat too many and drop some half melted on the floor. 'Shakespeare hated the habit as he hated all dirt and messiness, especially connected with food.' (C. Spurgeon, *Shakespeare's Iterative Imagery.*)]

47–8. i.e. Caesar is not doing wrong in banishing your brother and he will not be persuaded to remit the punishment without a good reason.

[These two lines are the origin of a curious problem. Shakespeare's fellow dramatist, Ben Jonson, wrote in his *Discoveries* (printed 1641) thus: 'Many times he [Shakespeare] fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, "Caesar, thou dost me wrong", he replied, "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause", and such like which were ridiculous.' If the line did occur it might be defended against Ben Jonson as meaning 'Caesar never harmed any one without a good reason'. But the words do not occur anywhere as Jonson quotes them; so we must suppose either that he misquoted to make a hit at Shakespeare, or that the line originally stood thus here, and that either Shakespeare or the editors of the Folio revised it. This is the strongest piece of evidence for supposing that our play was revised after its first production. If Shakespeare revised it, it is the only known instance of his altering his work in obedience to criticism.]

58. 'To the last the double effect of Caesar's demeanour continues. Considered in itself, his unrelenting firmness of principle exhibits the highest model of a ruler; yet to us, who know the purpose lurking behind the hypocritical intercession of the conspirators, Caesar's self-confidence resembles the infatuation that goes before Nemesis.' (Moulton.)

59. i.e. if I were like you in praying others to move from their purpose, then I should be the sort of man to be moved by (your) prayers.

61. Of whose true-fix'd . . . to whose firmly fixed and undisturbed nature there is no equal in the sky.

69–70. holds on his rank . . . stands fast in his place unshaken by the movement round him.

74. Olympus. Caesar with the arrogance he displays throughout this scene compares himself to the mountain in Thessaly where the gods were supposed to live.

75. Brutus probably refers, not to Decius Brutus speaking at the moment, but to Marcus Brutus whom Shakespeare took to be Caesar's favourite. 'See you not even Brutus kneeling in vain?'

77. Et tu, Brute? (Art) thou too, Brutus (among my foes)?

[This is not in Plutarch. Suetonius says that 'some have written that as M. Brutus came running upon him he said *καὶ σὺ τέκνον;* 'and thou, my son?' The exact phrase of Shakespeare may have come in the (lost) Latin play, *Caesar interfectus*, performed at Oxford in 1582; and it does come in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York* (1595).]

80. **the common pulpits:** the *rostra* or platforms in the Forum, just below the Capitol.

89. **good cheer:** be of good courage. Publius is just an aged senator (l. 93), and therefore not the same as Antony's nephew of IV. i. 4.

92–3. A redeeming trait in the character of Cassius!

94. **abide** is used by confusion of form with 'abye' = pay the penalty for. Cf. III. ii. 114.

101. [In Folio this speech is Casca's; perhaps its appropriateness to Cassius justifies Pope's change of attribution, followed in some editions.]

111–16. 'By this last daring and doubly dramatic stroke, Shakespeare reminds us that we are ideal spectators of these men and the event, having vision and prevision too. Comment is forbidden the playwright but here is the effect of it contrived. For as we look and listen we hear the verdict of the ages echoing.' (Granville-Barker.)

114. A somewhat similar device is found in *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 142, where Fabian says 'If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.'

123. The Reaction begins here. 'In the whole Shakespearean Drama there is nowhere such a swift swinging round of a dramatic action as is here marked by this sudden upspringing of the suppressed individuality in Antony's character, hitherto so colourless that he has been spared by the conspirators as a mere limb of Caesar.' (Moulton.)

129. **fear'd.** The fear corresponds to the different adjectives used of Caesar, especially 'royal'. Brutus would not wish to be feared like a tyrant; so that Antony is playing up to his man.

131. To 'resolve' a person is to set him free from some doubt or difficulty, furnish him with an explanation.

136. **Thorough:** through; variant for the sake of metre.

148. Antony, ignoring the conspirators, addresses his dead master first. From the moment of Caesar's death we forget his arrogance and see only his greatness reflected in the impression he made

on his contemporaries. Cf. the effective outcry of Octavius' servant on seeing the corpse, l. 281.

152. To 'let blood' was a common resource in older medical practice, especially where the patient was supposed to be overfed. 'Rank', i.e. overgrown, carries on the idea, referring to a position of excessive power in the state.

162. **As here by Caesar . . . as to be** killed here *beside* Caesar and by the hand of you who are . . .

171. i.e. as one fire is supposed to drive away another, so pity for Rome banishes pity for Caesar.

173. [An Alexandrine; cf. l. 204.]

174. **in strength of malice.** If this reading of Folio is right it must mean 'with a close grasp such as that only common in grappling with a foe'.

184. In this spectacular hand-shaking Antony already shows something of the actor of the funeral speech.

192. i.e. that you must think one of two things about me, both bad, that I am either a coward, fearing to oppose you, or insincere in approving your action.

193. **dearer:** more dearly, i.e. more deeply. 'Dear' in Shakespeare is found meaning hard, dire, or grievous; e.g. 'thy dear exile' (*Richard II*, I. iii. 151).

199. **Most noble!** O thou most noble! (addressed to Caesar).

[Folio has note of interrogation at 'foes' and comma at 'corse', thus beginning a new sentence with the vocative. This might stand.]

204. The pun on 'hart' and 'heart' is continued in ll. 207–8. The hunting picture is what Shakespeare would have seen in the forest of Arden, not one natural to a Roman.

206. **Sign'd in thy spoil:** marked with thy blood. 'Spoil' is a technical term for the capture of the quarry and division of rewards to the hounds. The picture recalls the nasty practice of 'blooding' children, i.e. smearing their faces with the blood of a fox to introduce them to the sport.

lethe is from Lat. *let(h)um* = death, not *lethe* = river of oblivion. Cf. our 'lethal chamber'.

216. **prick'd:** put down, marked with a prick or tick. The phrase 'pricking the sheriffs' is still used.

230. **in the order of his funeral:** as part of the ceremonies connected with his funeral. Cf. l. 233.

257. **the tide of times:** the course of time; 'time' is perhaps figured as a sea, but 'tide' itself means time.

261. i.e. to beg me to give them voices.

262. **A curse:** (that) a curse . . ., after 'prophesy' (l. 259).

270. **Caesar's spirit.** A ghost seeking revenge was a common *motif* in Elizabethan tragedy, ultimately derived from the plays of Seneca.

273. **the dogs of war** are described in the chorus which opens *Henry V*:

> Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
> Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
> Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
> Crouch for employment.

276. **Octavius Caesar:** see note on Dramatis Personae.

286. According to Plutarch Octavius was still in Illyricum. Shakespeare is anticipating events to speed up the action of the play, which really covers five years.

289. **No Rome of safety:** no safe room or place (the pun of I. ii. 155).

291. **back:** go back (one of the many instances in this play of the omission of a verb of motion).

294. It has been remarked that the crisis of the action, Caesar's murder, occurs one-quarter of the way through this scene, and that it is put there deliberately in order that the play may not lose its impetus with that event. 'As it is, by the long scene's end our concern for Caesar is lost in our expectations of the Forum.'

ACT III. SCENE II

A. C. Bradley has drawn attention to the skill which Shakespeare often shows in avoiding, or at least postponing, the anticlimax which threatens to follow a great crisis in the middle of a play: 'to the assassination of Caesar succeeds this scene in the Forum where Antony carries the people away in a storm of sympathy with the dead man and of fury against the conspirators'.

13. **Romans:** Brutus' speech is given in prose to contrast its coldness with Antony's rhetoric. Brutus speaks to the mob as he might have written in his study. Shakespeare had read in Plutarch

an example of Brutus' 'laconic' brevity of speech (i.e. like the Laconians or Spartans), but this speech in its balanced clauses has something of the euphuism fashionable in Shakespeare's day. Of the *actual* speech made by Brutus in the Capitol Cicero said in a letter: 'If I had had to handle the cause I should have written with more fire.'

13. **lovers:** friends; so that Brutus' address begins like Antony's (l. 73), but there the resemblance ends.

15. **have respect to:** pay regard to. The second half of this sentence only repeats the first in another form.

36–7. **The question of his death . . .** the reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol. Decrees of the senate were preserved in the state archives. These were passed after his death.

49. **Give him a statue . . .** cf. I. iii. 146.

50. **Let him be Caesar.** So little does the ordinary citizen care for the ideal of a republic! In view of this result it is hardly true to describe Brutus' speech as ineffective. The crowd feels his nobility, but is not converted to his point of view.

50–1. The Fourth Citizen hopes for a king with Caesar's virtues, but without his faults.

63. **the public chair:** only a variant for 'the common pulpit', i.e. the rostrum.

65. i.e. Owing to the kindness of Brutus I can thank you for giving me audience.

73 &c. This speech is one of Shakespeare's chief additions to Plutarch, who only gives slight hints. He has been thought to have used Appian's *Civil War* (translated 1578), but the resemblance does not amount to very much.

74. **bury.** Shakespeare uses the natural word of his own day even if this was to be a cremation.

77. **So let it be with Caesar:** i.e. it is not for me to sing his praises. Throughout the speech Antony disclaims what he is about to do.

82. **an honourable man.** Antony harps on the word till he has made it odious to the people. l. 153 shows he has succeeded.

95. **on the Lupercal:** at the Lupercalia. Cf. I. i. 70.

104–5. [See the remarks on the date of this play (3) in the editor's introduction.]

112. The Fourth Citizen was on Brutus' side, l. 50. Notice his gradual change here, l. 153, and l. 258.

120. **and none so poor:** and no one is so poor as he now is, so as to show reverence to him.

133. **napkins:** handkerchiefs. In *Othello* Emilia uses it of the fatal handkerchief, as it is called elsewhere, which her mistress lost.

142. Contrast the words of Marullus, I. i. 38.

156. Antony makes it appear he is forced to do what he had been all along working up to. Cf. l. 237.

172. The Nervii were defeated after a great struggle in 57 B.C., but Antony was not at that time with Caesar in Gaul. We learn from Plutarch that Caesar showed great personal prowess in that battle; hence its mention by Antony is specially appropriate.

180. **Caesar's angel:** as near to him as his Genius (cf. II. i. 66 and note) or guardian angel.

182. **most unkindest:** double superlative for emphasis as in III. i. 121.

188. **ran blood.** The idea that the statue spouted blood is due to a mistake of North, who translates Amyot's phrase, 'qui en fust toute ensanglantie', by 'which ran all of a gore-blood'.

190. **fell down:** were involved in his ruin; for the Empire fell with Caesar.

196. **marr'd . . . with traitors:** mangled by traitors (cf. III. i. 268, 'quarter'd with'). At this point Antony uncovers the body.

214. **steal away:** win over, as Absalom 'stole the hearts of the men of Israel' from David.

219. **[wit.** Folio's 'writ', **i.e.** written speech, **is rather feeble.]**

225–6. **there were an Antony . . .** then there would be an Antony who could rouse your feelings.

241. **seventy-five drachmas:** about £3 in value of silver, but with a greater purchasing power.

248. **On this side.** Really they were across the Tiber from Rome. The mistake originated with Amyot.

251. It has been claimed that Antony is not the worst sort of demagogue because he does appeal to the mob's gratitude rather than their greed.

253. **the holy place:** in the Forum, near the temples. Shakespeare had probably no special place in mind, but used North's phrase: 'in the mids of the most holy places.'

256. **fire:** a dissyllable, as in its first position in III. i. 171.

ACT III. SCENE III

This little scene gives relief, in Shakespeare's manner, after the crisis of Caesar's murder, and also shows how incensed the people are against his murderers, thus explaining the flight of Brutus and Cassius. It is, however, closely dependent on Plutarch.

2. i.e. things lie heavy on my imagination in an unlucky way, a way foretelling misfortune.

34. **turn him going:** send him away. But they killed him in fact, as the first part of the sentence suggests.

The first half of the play, Caesar's murder, thus ends, as it began, with the lawlessness of the mob.

'Modern democracy cannot appreciate the point of view of Shakespeare, who certainly had no belief in the many-headed multitude. He makes them absolutely the villains in *Coriolanus*, and here, as in other plays, he paints them as vacillating, unreliable, and easily led. Blind, unreasonable, and cruel when roused, glad to make holiday at any one's triumph, but ready to tear down that person's statues at any one else's suggestion. Seventy-five drachmas will buy their votes and make them burn down the houses of the people they were ready to fight for half an hour before.' (G. R. Foss, *What the Author meant.*)

ACT IV. SCENE I

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus are discovered proscribing, i.e. putting on a list for exile or execution, their individual enemies (cf. l. 17). Thus Rome is seen only to have changed one master for three more cruel and more unscrupulous, of whom Antony is seen to be supreme at present.

A house in Rome: The stage direction is not in Folio but is proved by l. 7 and l. 11. The triumvirs really met near Bologna in the north of Italy.

4–5. The name and relationship differ from Plutarch.

7. **to Caesar's house.** At III. ii. 263 Lepidus and Octavius were said to be already there.

9. **cut off some charge in legacies:** reduce the amounts left by Caesar (to others) in his will.

14. **The three-fold world divided.** For the expression, cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, where Antony is called 'the triple pillar of the world'. The triumvirs (*tresviri*) divided the Roman empire between them, but Lepidus was soon deprived of his share.

16. **took his voice:** asked his opinion, allowed him an equal voice in deciding.

20. **divers slanderous loads:** a certain weight of slander, unpopularity (divers = various, another form of 'diverse').

23. **Either:** perhaps metrically a monosyllable, like 'whether' in I. i. 64.

31. **It:** more contemptuous than 'he'.

33. **his corporal motion:** the movement of his limbs, which are 'mortal instruments' (II. i. 66), to his rider's mind.

37–9. **abject orts, and imitations . . .** odds and ends of food which has been thrown away, and the imitation of other people's habits, things which begin to be fashionable to him when they are discarded and made common by others. The feeding is, of course, metaphorical for his behaviour.

[Either the reading in the text or 'abjects, orts and imitations' is accepted by most editors. The Folio has 'Objects, Arts, and Imitations', which is hardly capable of a satisfactory sense.]

44. [The line is metrically too short. The second edition of Folio filled it out thus: 'and our best means stretcht out'; but we cannot be sure what Shakespeare wrote.]

45–6. **council** (and decide) **how.** The thought of line 46 is explained by ll. 50–1.

48. **at the stake:** like bears baited by dogs, a common Elizabethan sport.

ACT IV. SCENE II

Brutus and Cassius had fled from Rome after Antony's speech (III. ii. 260). They have raised an army in the Eastern Mediterranean where Pompey had been famous. But the methods of the practical and not over-scrupulous Cassius grieve the idealistic Brutus.

Camp near Sardis: Sardis was in Asia Minor; Philippi was in Macedonia.

1. **Stand:** halt. In older English 'ho!' meant this also.

7. **in his own change . . .** either by a change in his attitude or through the action of bad officers.

26. A high crest is a mark of mettle in horses. The professions of 'hollow' friends, like poor horses, fail when put to the trial.

40. **this sober form . . .** your outward appearance of rectitude sometimes covers up wrongs you inflict on others.

ACT IV. SCENE III

[There is no new scene here in Folio, and it is unnecessary to mark one. The generals pass into the tent to thresh out their dispute, and this would be represented by their entering the inner stage.]

This scene of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius has always been one of the most admired in Shakespeare. Leonard Digges, a contemporary, took it as an example in contrasting the truth to life in Shakespeare's work with the tedious scholarliness of Ben Jonson's plays on classical subjects:

> So have I seen when Caesar would appear,
> And on the stage at half-sword parley were
> Brutus and Cassius: oh! how the audience
> Were ravish'd, with what wonder went they thence;
> When some new day they would not brook a line
> Of tedious though well-labour'd *Catiline*.

And Coleridge wrote, with the fullest abandon of nineteenth-century criticism: 'I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his being superhuman, than this scene between Brutus and Cassius.'

The scene is built up out of the following slight material in Plutarch (together with some remarks elsewhere on the subjects of dispute between Brutus and Cassius): 'Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping.'

5. **were slighted off:** were treated lightly, ignored.

[Folio has 'was' and the grammatical error may be the author's.]

8. i.e. that every trifling wrong-doing should be submitted to scrutiny. **nice** has many slightly differing meanings in Shakespeare, among which is that of 'precise' or 'fastidious' applied to a person, but the sense of 'agreeable' is later. We might here say 'every technical offence'.

10. **condemn'd to have . . .** condemned for having a hand eager to receive bribes.

16. **chastisement . . .** such dishonesty would be punished in a man less highly placed than Cassius.

19. **justice'.** The apostrophe -s of the genitive is omitted for euphony as is the plural -s of 'cognizance' in II. ii. 89.

20–1. **What villain . . .** who of those that touched his body was so villainous as to stab him if it was not to vindicate justice?

23. This is a new motive for the assassination of Caesar. Previously

Brutus had admitted that the act was only justified for fear of what Caesar might *become*. Had Shakespeare chosen to follow Plutarch more closely in Act II, scene i, he might have made Brutus there refer to Caesar's support of Clodius as unjust. In his life of Antony Plutarch speaks of those who in Caesar's absence from Italy abused his name and authority to oppress the citizens.

25–6. **sell the mighty space of our large honours . . .** sell our widespread reputation for honour for a handful of money.

27. 'It has come to this. In anticipating the effects of Caesar's rule, he had said he "had rather be a villager than to repute himself a son of Rome" in the probable conditions. But his attempt at remedy has resulted in a situation even more intolerable. He would rather be a dog than such Romans as the confederates whom he sought to put in Caesar's place are disclosing themselves to be.' (MacCallum.)

28. **bait:** metaphor from setting dogs on to worry animals, a favourite sport in Shakespeare's day.

32. **conditions** must here refer not only to terms of peace but to the general conduct of war, such as raising money.

37. **slight man.** Cf. IV. i. 12 for the contempt in the word.

47. **digest the venom of your spleen:** swallow the poison of your ill-temper, i.e. take it back again, not work it off on me.

54. **noble men:** i.e. from you when you are worthy of your boast.

56. **an elder soldier.** See l. 31. Brutus is unjust and almost as angry as Cassius, though he never admits it.

69. **respect not:** take no heed of. The tone here adopted by Brutus almost recalls Caesar's in Act III, scene i. If he is too honest to raise money himself he will accept it from Cassius. Brutus may despise money, but even he needs it.

74. **hard hands:** hard with toil, suggesting their poverty.
vile trash: worthless money. Cf. l. 26 and l. 80 where 'counters' = metal disks of no value.

98. **my teeth.** Cassius began speaking of himself in the third person and now passes to the first.

101. **Plutus:** the classical god of wealth.

[Folio has 'Pluto', the god of the lower world; but the confusion of ending in proper names is common, probably on account of Italian names ending in -o: e.g. Folio gives Antonio for Antonius in I. ii. 4.]

102. **If that thou be'st a Roman.** Cassius probably only means 'if you have the firmness of a Roman, kill me'. Cf. l. 186.

107. **it shall have scope:** your anger shall have free play.

108. **dishonour shall be humour:** any dishonour you put on me shall pass as a consequence of your natural disposition.

111. **Who** personifies the flint. Cp. 'his', l. 8.

113. **mirth and laughter:** see ll. 49–50.

114. 'Ill-temper'd' here means literally 'badly combined', and if we are to press this idea we must suppose a reference to the four elements or humours (one of which is blood), the varying proportion of which was supposed to determine a man's disposition.

119. **that rash humour:** viz. proneness to passionate outbreaks.

122. i.e. he will imagine it is your mother (from whom you inherit your quick temper) who is upbraiding him, and ignore the outbreak.

123. *Poet*: In Plutarch Phaonius, a counterfeit philosopher. Shakespeare makes him a poet as well, apparently because he quotes from Homer some words that North gives in a doggerel translation and Shakespeare in another form, ll. 130–1.

132. **cynic** meant originally a philosopher of the Cynic school, notorious for their scoffing disregard of conventions.

135. i.e. I'll recognize his licence when he chooses his time for playing the fool better.

136. A jig was a ballad, words as well as music and dancing.

149. We might think that Brutus was unfeeling because of his stern self-control, if we were not made to realize the depth of his loss by the consternation of Cassius here and by the words of Messala in ll. 187–8.

151–2. **Impatient of my absence . . .** from impatience at my absence and from grief. . . .

155. **swallowed fire.** Plutarch tells us Portia committed suicide by holding 'hot burning coles' in her mouth.

169. **Philippi,** which owed its name to Philip, the founder of the Macedonian empire, was given the status of a Roman colony to celebrate the victory of Octavius and was the first city in Europe in which St. Paul established Christianity.

183. **Nothing, Messala.** Cf. l. 146, 'Portia is dead.' Did Brutus tell a lie in order to show how stoically he could bear the news (l. 190)? I should prefer to think that he hoped to head Messala

off from the subject (cf. l. 165 'No more, I pray you'), not knowing that Messala too had information of her death.

[It is possible, however, that the play as we have it incorporates two alternative versions in one of which Brutus himself announced her death, while in the other it came out in conversation with Messala. Originally l. 158 might have followed l. 141. With this text Brutus would first hear the news from Messala and exhibit a correct Stoicism. 'Then Shakespeare found that this made his hero not so much stoical as wooden, so he threw the disclosure back into close conjunction with the quarrel' (Granville-Barker), forgetting to alter his earlier version of the disclosure.]

193. Cassius was an Epicurean (see v. i. 77 and note), Brutus a Stoic.

195. **to our work alive:** *either* 'our work which is alive and therefore requires our attention more than the dead', *or* 'let us who are still alive attend to our work, leaving the dead, as it were, to bury their dead'.

198. The discussion on strategy placed here at Sardis (cf. IV. ii. 28) comes, in a shorter form, in Plutarch after Brutus and Cassius have marched to Philippi.

206–7. **by them . . . by them:** past them . . . with their help. Shakespeare is fond of the use of a word in the same context in two senses; cf. III. i. 162, 'As here by Caesar and by you cut off'.

212. **Under your pardon:** Excuse me. Brutus cuts off Cassius' reply as in III. i. 235, 'By your pardon'.

220. **bound in:** enclosed within. They never get into the open sea of fortune.

223. [However ll. 223–4 are arranged, they are metrically irregular.]

227. **Which we will niggard:** we will keep necessity (our need of rest) on short commons. 'Niggard' or 'niggardly' is an adjective meaning 'stingy', but Shakespeare often makes nouns and adjectives into verbs thus.

236. **Good-night, my lord.** 'The "elder soldier" abases himself before the younger, though Brutus with that kind "good brother" would prevent him; the cynical Cassius has turned remorseful child' (Granville-Barker).

237. [**Brutus:** Folio puts here the stage direction 'Re-enter Lucius with the gown' which editors have moved unnecessarily to l. 238. Time had to be allowed for the actor to walk forward on the stage.]

240. **knave:** boy (cf. German Knabe and the 'Knave' in a pack of cards); without bad sense but commonly addressed to a servant.

249. The consideration of Brutus for his servants is in marked contrast to the usual harshness of Roman masters. It rises later

(l. 270) to a womanly tenderness when without waking the boy he saves him from breaking his instrument.

261. **young bloods:** people whose blood is young. 'Bloods' means persons in I. ii. 150.

265. *Music, and a Song.* It has been customary to let Lucius sing here the song in *Henry VIII*, 'Orpheus with his lute made trees'.

266. **murderous:** because it brings to an end the occupations of the day. The idea of Death and Sleep as twin brothers is a poetic commonplace.

267. **thy leaden mace.** The boy's sleep is heavy, so slumber has a leaden mace, as Morpheus has in Spenser.

274. *Enter the Ghost of Caesar:* Cf. v. v. 17 and *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vi. 12: 'Julius Caesar, who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted.' In Plutarch the ghost is nameless, 'a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body'. Not content with identifying the Ghost, Shakespeare makes Caesar an evil spirit which haunts Brutus (l. 281), as Brutus was 'Caesar's angel' (III ii. 180) before he killed him. It was common in Elizabethan tragedy for ghosts to exact vengeance, e.g. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. Shakespeare probably believed in ghosts as most of his contemporaries did, and the ghost is an objective reality, '*not* a mere embodiment of Brutus' sense of the egregious mistake he has made in slaying Caesar' (Stoll).

ACT V. SCENE I

In Plutarch there is a discussion on the eve of the battle between Brutus and Cassius which Shakespeare has partly anticipated at IV. iii. 195, &c. He therefore gives us now a discussion between the other pair of leaders, and transfers to them the dispute about leading the right wing which in Plutarch concerns Brutus; thus Shakespeare brings out the masterful character of Octavius.

2. **come down** from the hills, on one of which Philippi itself was situated.

[But Shakespeare has not recorded the advance of Brutus and Cassius from Sardis, and perhaps Octavius is meant to be surprised at their move into Macedonia, cf. IV. iii. 195, &c.]

7. **I am in their bosoms:** I know their inmost thoughts.

8. **could be content . . .** would be glad enough to be going somewhere else (and not to face us).

10. **fearful bravery:** fine show covering inward fear. Cf. I. 13 ('bravery' is used of ostentation and rich equipment in North here).

14. **bloody sign of battle:** i.e. a 'scarlet cloak as the signal for battle' (North's Plutarch); *not* sign of bloody battle.

20. i.e. I do not thwart you for the sake of doing so, but I will have my way. Octavius in fact led the left wing. But see introd. note to this scene. Brutus led the right wing, according to history.

33. **posture:** placing, i.e. how you will place your blows, your qualities in battle. The ungrammatical 'are' for 'is' is due to proximity of the plural 'blows'—a common and natural mistake.

34. **for your words:** as for your words, your qualities as an orator. **Hybla** in Sicily, famous for the honey of its bees. Antony had shown the sweet or persuasive quality of his words in his funeral speech.

35. **Not stingless too ?** i.e. Have I not also got some of their power of stinging? seen in I. 30, and still more in the whole way he had ruined the position of the conspirators.

[The note of interrogation here was first suggested by Delius in 1882 and was adopted in the *Arden* edition. Without it the meaning has been supposed to be that Antony did not take all the sting of the bees, leaving some for Cassius.]

39. **you did not so:** i.e. threaten first; you struck without warning.

40. **Hack'd one another.** This and most of the points made in this speech occur in Plutarch.

46–7. See II. i. 155–61 and III. i. 144–6

54–5. **another Caesar . . .** till these traitors have my murder also to the credit of their swords.

60. **honourable:** honourably (adjective for adverb, as often).

61. Octavius was twenty-one years old. Cassius here misjudges his enemies.

worthless of such honour: i.e. unworthy to die by Brutus' hand.

63. **Old Cassius still!** still the same choleric Cassius. Cf. I. ii. 203–8.

72. **as this very day.** 'as' was often used superfluously in expressions of time.

75. **Pompey** the Great fought unwillingly against Julius Caesar in 48 B.C. at Pharsalia in Thessaly and was defeated; with him fell the republican cause.

77. **held Epicurus strong:** believed firmly in Epicurus. Epicurus taught among other things that portents, dreams, &c., were hallucinations due to *natural*, not supernatural, causes. His system had been expounded by the great Roman poet Lucretius, and the non-classical reader may refer first to Tennyson's poem *Lucretius* for some idea of his teaching. Epicureanism was not, as is often thought, mainly a creed of sensuous enjoyment, but a doctrine that freed men from superstition and degrading fear of death.

79. **credit things that do presage:** believe in omens, &c.

93. **Even so, Lucilius.** Brutus has finished the private conversation begun l. 69.

94–5. **The gods to-day stand friendly . . .** may the gods show themselves kind to us, so that continuing our friendship in peaceful days we may reach old age.

100. **then:** if we are defeated.

101–8. To understand this sentence treat the words from 'I know not how' to 'prevent the time of life' as a parenthesis. Brutus says he had decided not to commit suicide like Cato but to await whatever Heaven should send him. We then find him changing his determination in his next speech (ll. 111–14), which hints at suicide. This inconsistency is not due to Plutarch but to a mistranslation of Amyot's French by North. What Brutus really said was that when *he was still young* he wrote a discourse blaming Cato for suicide, but that now he has changed his mind.

102. **Cato.** See note on II. i. 295.

114. Shakespeare uses 'begun' and 'began' as alternative forms.

ACT V. SCENE II

In this scene we are shown the success of Brutus against Octavius; in the next the failure of Cassius on *his* wing against Antony. All the fortunes of the battle are taken from Plutarch, but Shakespeare makes the two battles, which were really separated by an interval of twenty days, follow closely on one another (v. iv. 109–10).

2. **on the other side:** i.e. of his own wing. North's Plutarch has simply: 'Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands in the which he wrote the word of the battle.' Shakespeare, having made Octavius demand the right wing, must leave Brutus on the left that these two may still be opposed.

ACT V. SCENE III

Another part of the field. The convention which marks a new scene is somewhat misleading. All through this act the scene is the same—a field of battle—over which soldiers pass and repass; there would be no changing of the scenery to delay the action.

1. **the villains:** Cassius refers to his own men.

3. Up to fairly recent times an officer in the British infantry started with the rank of 'ensign'. But in the next line 'it' refers to ensign in its usual sense of the standard itself.

7. **fell to spoil:** started rifling the bodies of those they had defeated (instead of coming to the help of Cassius).

18. These troops were really some men sent by Brutus to help Cassius.

22. PINDARUS *ascends the hill.* Pindarus would go up to the gallery above the stage, from whence he speaks in l. 26 '[*Above*]'.

24. **where:** at the same point of the year, i.e. on my birthday.

25. **his compass:** its circuit, revolution. Edmund in *King Lear* says just before his death, 'The wheel is come full circle' (v. iii. 176).

38. **saving of thy life:** saving thy life; instead of a participle with a direct object 'saving' is treated as a verbal noun, i.e. in the saving of thy life.

41. **be a freeman.** Cassius absolves Pindarus from further servitude.

43. **hilts:** plural with singular meaning, as in v. v. 28. This archaic use occurs with other words, e.g. 'funerals', l. 105.

51–60. Remember the depth of the Elizabethan stage to justify these lines. 'Stage direction is embodied in dialogue. We have the decelerated arrival telling of relief from strain, the glance round the seemingly empty place; then the sudden swift single-syllabled line and its repetition, Titinius' dart forward, Messala's graver question, the dire finality of the answer.' (Granville-Barker.)

65. **my success:** the issue of my errand. In Shakespeare the word did not necessarily imply a favourable issue. In *Othello* (III. iii. 222) we have 'vile success'.

67. **error** is called 'melancholy's child' because when we are pessimistic we are inclined to suppose the worst on insufficient evidence.

71. **the mother.** Error does not kill its mother, 'melancholy', but the person who harboured melancholy, in this case Cassius. Even so the figure is not of universal application, since not all errors lead to death. The brood of the adder was thought to kill its mother.

84. **misconstru'd:** accented on second syllable, as 'cónstrue' also.

89. **a Roman's part.** Suicide was commoner in Rome than in the Elizabethan world. So Horatio, proposing to die with Hamlet, says (v. ii. 355): 'I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;' and Macbeth, more contemptuously, 'Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword?' (v. vii. 30–1).

94–6. These lines would serve as a motto to the play, and furnish some explanation why it was called 'Julius Caesar'.

96. **In our own proper entrails:** i.e. against our own hearts, by compelling us to suicide.

97. **whe'r:** whether, scanned as one syllable; as in I. i. 64.

99. **The last:** i.e. O thou, who art the last.

103. The repetition is pathetic as in David's lament for Absalom: 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' (2 Samuel xviii. 33). But with Hamlet, a character having many resemblances to Brutus, it has become almost a trick of speech.

104. **Thasos:** an island in the Aegean.

105. **funerals.** North uses the plural form; cf. v. iii. 43 and note. In l. 106 'it' is used, as the idea is singular. But perhaps the 's' has crept in wrongly from the 's' which begins the next word.

ACT V. SCENE IV

2. **What bastard doth not?** Who is so ignobly born (so cowardly) as not to? For the construction, cf. IV. iii. 20–1: 'What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, And not for justice?'

13. The stage direction which follows this line, added by Johnson, makes the context clear.

ACT V. SCENE V

2. This line is only intelligible by a reference to Plutarch. Statilius had gone to see how many of their men were slain and he had to pass through the enemy. If all was well he was to hold up a torch-light.

23. **beat us to the pit:** driven us to the last ditch. There may be a metaphor from catching wild animals (cf. II. i. 205) or a reference to the 'bottomless pit' of Hell.

28. **sword hilts:** cf. v. iii. 43.

42. *Either*, This rest (death) has been the object of all my labours; *or* All my labours have only brought me to this final failure. The second interpretation seems rather more probable in itself, but the passage of Plutarch rather favours the first interpretation.

49. 'The man's demand for a handshake, the master's response to it;—how much of Shakespeare's greatness lies in these little things, and in the love of his art that never found them too little for his care.' (Granville-Barker.)

59. **Lucilius' saying:** see v. iv. 21.

71. **general honest thought:** honourable consideration for the whole people. The whole expression with what follows is harsh but the meaning is clear. 'Thought and common good' is put for 'thought of the common good'.

73. **the elements.** The world was supposed to consist of four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. Similarly man was made up of four corresponding elements—melancholy, blood, choler, phlegm—according to the proportion of which one man's character varied from another's. Brutus was perfectly proportioned. Cf. IV. iii. 115.

[Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels* (acted 1600) has: 'a creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humour and elements are peaceably met without emulation of precedency'.]

75. 'Of another it would be said that he was a poet, a philosopher; of Brutus the only true description was that he was a man.' (Moulton.)

Antony shows his nobler side in pronouncing this eulogy over the body of Brutus; but it is significant that the last word lies not with the 'masker and the reveller' but with the man who was later to defeat Antony and be the sole master of the Roman world, heir to the Caesar whose influence controls the whole play. *Julius Caesar* begins, *Antony and Cleopatra* ends, the cycle of Shakespeare's greater plays. In the former we see the rise, in the latter the fall of Antony.

SELECT LITERARY CRITICISM

HAZLITT ON 'JULIUS CAESAR'

'SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar* is not equal, as a whole, to either of his other plays taken from the Roman history. It is inferior in interest to *Coriolanus*, and both in interest and power to *Antony and Cleopatra*. It, however, abounds in admirable and affecting passages, and is remarkable for the profound knowledge of character, in which Shakespeare could scarcely fail. If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Caesar, nor do we think it answers to the portrait given of him in his Commentaries. He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot.

The spirit with which the poet has entered at once into the manners of the common people, and the jealousies and heart-burnings of the different factions, is shown in the first scene, where Flavius and Marullus, tribunes of the people, and some citizens of Rome, appear upon the stage. . . . [Hazlitt quotes I. i. 23–24.]

To this specimen of quaint low humour immediately follows that unexpected and animated burst of indignant eloquence, put into the mouth of one of the angry tribunes. . . . [Hazlitt quotes I. i. 35–58.]

The well-known dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the latter breaks the design of the conspiracy to the former, and partly gains him over to it, is a noble piece of high-minded declamation. Cassius's insisting on the pretended effeminacy of Caesar's character, and his description of their swimming across the Tiber together, "once upon a raw and gusty day", are among the finest strokes in it. But perhaps the whole is not equal to the short scene which follows, when Caesar enters with his train . . . . [Hazlitt quotes I. ii. 177–213.]

We know hardly any passage more expressive of the genius of Shakespeare than this. It is as if he had been actually present,

had known the different characters and what they thought of one another, and had taken down what he heard and saw, their looks, words, and gestures, just as they happened.

The character of Mark Antony is further speculated upon where the conspirators deliberate whether he shall fall with Caesar. Brutus is against it—. . . [Hazlitt quotes II. i. 181–191]. They were in the wrong; and Cassius was right.

The honest manliness of Brutus is, however, sufficient to find out the unfitness of Cicero to be included in their enterprise, from his affected egotism and literary vanity.

> O, name him not: let us not break with him;
> For he will never follow any thing,
> That other men begin.

His scepticism as to prodigies and his moralizing on the weather—"This disturbed sky is not to walk in"—are in the same spirit of refined imbecility.

Shakespeare has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of everyday life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny render them unfit to cope with the cunning and power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others, because they are themselves sincere, and endeavour to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their

own fashion: otherwise, they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus.

> All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Caesar:
> He only in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them.

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How 'scaped I killing when I crost you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

> You are my true and honourable wife;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart—

is justified by her whole behaviour. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue with Lucius, is full of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus and that which Calphurnia takes in the fate of Caesar are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good.

The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus at midnight is rendered very impressive. In the midst of this scene, we meet with one of those careless and natural digressions which occur so frequently and beautifully in Shakespeare. After Cassius has introduced his friends one by one, Brutus says . . . [Hazlitt quotes II. i. 97–111]. We cannot help thinking this graceful familiarity better than all the fustian in the world.—The truth of history in *Julius Caesar* is very ably worked up with dramatic effect. The councils of generals, the doubtful turns of battles, are represented to the life. The death of Brutus

is worthy of him—it has the dignity of the Roman senator with the firmness of the Stoic philosopher. But what is perhaps better than either, is the little incident of his boy, Lucius, falling asleep over his instrument, as he is playing to his master in his tent, the night before the battle. Nature had played him the same forgetful trick once before on the night of the conspiracy. The humanity of Brutus is the same on both occasions.

> It is no matter:
> Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
> Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
> Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
> Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.'

From HAZLITT'S *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817).

THE POSITION OF 'JULIUS CAESAR' AMONG SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

The first play with a philosophical hero—Brutus a foretaste of Hamlet—Contrast of Brutus and Macbeth

'SHAKESPEARE had learnt that for presenting the external pageantry of great events his theatre was no better than a puppet-show; and that though the art of drama might be the art of presenting men in action, your successful man of action did not necessarily make the most interesting of heroes. For behind the action, be the play farce or tragedy, there must be some spiritually significant idea, or it will hang lifeless. And this is what is lacking in *Henry V*.

What follows? We next find him writing three comedies, the three mature comedies as they are called: *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*.

Then he finds his manly subject again in *Julius Caesar*, in that great theme of Rome and the old Roman world, which makes the matter of the English Histories seem parochial. How significant it must have been to any imaginative Englishman of that age, with a new world of discovery, its chances and rivalries, its matter for thought and dreams opening up to him! Shakespeare was to return to Rome and the thought of Rome again and yet again; and he was never to return in thought—if he did

in subject—to the narrower horizons. But note two things about *Julius Caesar*. We have no complaints of the inadequacy of his stage to the representing of the Senate or the battlefield of Philippi.[1] On the contrary, he trusts in his fourth and fifth Acts to one of the oldest and simplest of Elizabethan conventions, the confronting upon the stage of two whole armies, symbolized by Generals, their standard-bearers and drummers. And whom does he choose as hero? Not Caesar himself, the triumphant, though doomed, man of action; but Brutus the philosopher, and the man, who for all his wisdom, invariably does the wrong thing. Brutus proves a not quite satisfactory dramatic hero. He is too unemotional, not impulsive enough; and Shakespeare, taking much of him ready made from Plutarch, never quite fathoms his stoicism. So first Cassius runs away with the play and then Mark Antony. When a character springs to life now, Shakespeare is not going to refuse him his chance. Still, he resolutely comes back to the developing of Brutus. And his care is not for what his hero does, which is merely disastrous, but for what he *is*; this is the dramatic thing, and the essential thing.

> Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
> Our enemies have beat us to the pit . . .
> Countrymen,
> My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me.
> I shall have glory by this losing day,
> More than Octavius and Mark Antony
> By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

If *Henry V* was the danger-point, *Julius Caesar* is the turning-point of Shakespeare's career.'

From GRANVILLE-BARKER, 'From Henry V to Hamlet', British Academy Shakespeare Lecture, 1925; reprinted in *Aspects of Shakespeare*, 1933.

'If we consider the tragedies first on the side of their substance, we find at once an obvious difference between the first two and the remainder. Both Brutus and Hamlet are highly intellectual by nature and reflective by habit. Both may even

[1] [Contrast the Prologue to *Henry V*.]

be called, in a popular sense, philosophic; Brutus may be called so in a stricter sense. Each, being also a "good" man, shows accordingly, when placed in critical circumstances, a sensitive and almost painful anxiety to do right. And though they fail—of course in quite different ways—to deal successfully with these circumstances, the failure in each case is connected rather with their intellectual nature and reflective habit than with any yielding to passion. Hence the name "tragedy of thought", which Schlegel gave to *Hamlet*, may be given also, as in effect it has been by Professor Dowden, to *Julius Caesar*. The later heroes, on the other hand, Othello, Lear, Timon, Macbeth, Antony, Coriolanus, have, one and all, passionate natures, and, speaking roughly, we may attribute the tragic failure in each of these cases to passion. Partly for this reason, the later plays are wilder and stormier than the first two. We see a greater mass of human nature in commotion, and we see Shakespeare's own powers exhibited on a larger scale. Finally, examination would show that, in all these respects, the first tragedy, *Julius Caesar*, is farther removed from the later type than is the second, *Hamlet*.

These two earlier works are both distinguished from most of the succeeding tragedies in another though a kindred respect. Moral evil is not so intently scrutinized or so fully displayed in them. In *Julius Caesar*, we may almost say, everybody means well. In *Hamlet*, though we have a villain, he is a small one. The murder which gives rise to the action lies outside the play, and the centre of attention within the play lies in the hero's efforts to do his duty. It seems clear that Shakespeare's interest, since the early days when under Marlowe's influence he wrote *Richard III*, has not been directed to the more extreme or terrible forms of evil. But in the tragedies that follow *Hamlet* the presence of this interest is equally clear.'

From BRADLEY, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904).

'Hamlet foreshadowed in Rosaline's Romeo, in Richard II, in Jacques, is imminent in Brutus.'

From GRANVILLE-BARKER'S *Prefaces* (1927).

'*Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar* stand to each other in a far closer

relationship than that implied by stray reminiscences and details; they belong to the same current of reflections and ideas, and the poet's thought in each lies in the same direction. In the earlier one, Shakespeare has drawn a noble nature grappling with a duty enforced in no actual and binding category, and which, from its doubtful and uncertain character, deeply troubles the conscience of the hero, who questions and considers and weighs it over and over again. Brutus has a passionate love for justice, but is led astray by the exacting demands of a too delicate and lofty soul. In the other tragedy the same note is again struck, but with this considerable variation, that with Hamlet, although the duty is more imperious, yet his uncertainty is greater; he, too, thirsts after the Ideal, but with him the generous instincts of the heart are mingled with all the graceful refinements and superb disgusts, all the baffling turns of an oversubtle brain, and the end of his hesitations is a rapid moral decadence. Brutus, after his deliberation, acts resolutely; he greatly errs, but he preserves our esteem and sympathy to the end: Hamlet—always deliberating—errs in a far graver manner by never acting at all, and our respect for him finally goes. Both of them are men of meditative and studious nature, called by circumstances to a line of action repugnant to their whole character.'

From STAPFER, *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity*, (trans. 1880).

'As the study of Brutus draws to an end do not the accents change a little? He is brooding on the issue of the coming battle.

> O that a man might know
> The end of this day's business ere it come;
> But it sufficeth that the day will end
> And then the end is known.

Does not that echo to us a more familiar voice?

> If it be now, tis not to come; if it be not to come it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

It is indeed the voice of Hamlet. And here was to be his next task.'

From GRANVILLE-BARKER, 'From Henry V to Hamlet' (1925), in *Aspects of Shakespeare* (1933).

'The play under consideration is a most striking variation on the theme of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and gives us a new and remarkable proof of the depth and many-sidedness with which Shakespeare thought out and elaborated any problem he had once seized upon. A deed of as great, nay greater, weight than that demanded of Hamlet or planned by Macbeth is laid on this pattern of a man—the murder of a hero who had increased the greatness of Rome as much as he had endangered her freedom. It is a deed of a nature doubtful in itself which is required of him, not one decidedly right or decidedly wrong, like that to which Hamlet was called and to which Macbeth was tempted. The uncertainty, the doubt, the discord lay in the other instances in the men themselves, here it lies in the thing itself, and is only from thence transferred to an even, clear, and right-judging mind. Hamlet was urged to a just revenge, he was called to punish a wrong committed, he ventured not to take the first and only step, he scarcely desired the end, and the means still less. Macbeth feels himself tempted to murder and treachery, to the performance of a wrong not yet committed, he shudders at both ends and means, but as soon as he is resolved, he takes with the first step all the ensuing ones; as soon as he is determined as to the end, he adopts the means also, grasping even more than is necessary. Brutus is persuaded by his friends to take part in a murder and conspiracy, as he himself calls it, for the restoration of freedom; his task is to prevent an injustice as yet only apprehended on Caesar's part; he desires the end, but only the means most necessary for attaining it; he takes the first step, but not the second and third; whereas he should either not have taken the first, or he should also have taken others. With him it is not a disturbance of nature in consequence of an unequal temperament, and thus, resulting from this, a sin of omission, as with Hamlet; it is not a disorderly, exaggerated discord, and after its removal, a crime, as with Macbeth, but after the quiet manly consideration of an equivocal task, it is a deed

unrepented, but atoned for, which from the end in view and the means used was a fault, an error, and as such was revenged upon his own head.

If in *Hamlet* the aim of the poet was to treat the relation of the intellectual to the active nature in a thoroughly human sense, in the history of *Julius Caesar* the tendency is rather political: to depict the collision of moral against political duties. The struggle between the humanity of a noble and gentle nature and the political principles of an energetic character, between personal feelings and public duty, this is the soul of this play, and the most interesting point of the situation in which Brutus is placed.'

From GERVINUS, *Commentaries* (trans. 1863).

THE STYLE OF THE PLAY

'THE usual assignment of *Julius Caesar*, and even of *Hamlet*, to the end of Shakespeare's Second Period—the period of *Henry V* —is based mainly, we saw, on considerations of form. The general style of the serious parts of the last plays from English history is one of full, noble, and comparatively equable eloquence. The "honey-tongued" sweetness and beauty of Shakespeare's early writing, as seen in *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, remain; the ease and lucidity remain; but there is an accession of force and weight. We find no great change from this style when we come to *Julius Caesar*, which may be taken to mark its culmination. At this point in Shakespeare's literary development he reaches, if the phrase may be pardoned, a limited perfection. Neither thought on the one side, nor expression on the other, seems to have any tendency to outrun or contend with its fellow. We receive an impression of easy mastery and complete harmony, but not so strong an impression of inner power bursting into outer life. Shakespeare's style is perhaps nowhere else so free from defects, and yet almost every one of his subsequent plays contains writing which is greater. To speak familiarly, we feel in *Julius Caesar* that, although not even Shakespeare could better the style he has chosen, he has not let himself go.'

From BRADLEY, *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904).

'The transition from the *Julius Caesar* of Shakespeare to his *Antony and Cleopatra* produces in us the change of pulse and tempo experienced in passing from a gallery of antique sculpture to a room splendid with the colours of Titian and Paolo Veronese.'

From EDWARD DOWDEN, *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*, 1875.

THE CHARACTER OF CAESAR

Plutarch's view of Caesar—Position of Caesar in Shakespeare's play

'JULIUS CAESAR is the dominating figure but Brutus is the hero.'

A. C. BRADLEY.

'Shakespeare expressed a view [of Caesar] which was not even Plutarchian and must I fear be referred to the tradition in stage conquerors established by Marlowe's Tambourlane, as much as to even the chivalrous conception of heroism dramatized in Henry V.'

From G. B. SHAW, Preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* (including *Caesar and Cleopatra*) (1900).

'It is most interesting to see how these three Lives [of Caesar, Brutus, and Antony] worked upon Shakespeare, and how he finally worked upon them. Reading them through now, I think we should say with little hesitation that the least attractive of them is that of Caesar. The whole career of Caesar was so continuously military and political, his private character so hidden away, at any rate for a Greek like Plutarch, his personality so much bound up with his public work, that, but for his own writings and a few letters of Cicero, we should know very little about it. And clearly Plutarch is not in sympathy with Caesar. He perceives his greatness and his many fine qualities, but he is not the least enthusiastic about him. After describing his murder he wrote the following sentence, which shows that he did not understand his real claim to greatness:

> So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had vehemently desired all his life and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only and a superficial glory, that procured him the hate and envy of his country.

And yet, in spite of Plutarch, Shakespeare proceeded to make his first experiment in Roman plays with Julius Caesar. . . . For its construction, he used not only the Life of Caesar, but that of Brutus, and to some extent that of Antony—a course, perhaps, suggested by the sentence which immediately follows the one I quoted a minute ago from the Life of Caesar:

> But his great prosperity and good fortune that favoured him during his lifetime did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not a man more left to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death.

Brutus was the most famous of the murderers, and here was a Life of Brutus, and a most fascinating one. And thus it came about that the hero of the play, as we ordinarily use the word in speaking of tragedies—the man to whom the final catastrophe happens, is not Caesar but Brutus, with Cassius as a fellow, though not as hero in quite the same sense; and thus the play stands alone among Shakespeare's tragedies in bearing the name of a man who was not the hero. . . . The great man whose name it bears only appears in four scenes out of eighteen, and is killed at the beginning of the third act.

There have been in the main two opinions about this curious fact. As long ago as the eighteenth century Malone gave his sanction to the view, expressed also, I believe, by Voltaire, that the play ought to have been called "Marcus Brutus", "Caesar being a very inconsiderable person in the scene, and being killed in the third act"; the idea being, I think, that Caesar was so much more famous a man than Brutus that it was impossible to put him and his death into a play without giving it his name also. Since then many critics have maintained this view. On the other hand it has been held that Caesar, if not strictly speaking the hero, is at least the protagonist of the play, not, indeed, in bodily presence, but in *spirit*. . . .

There is truth, I think, in both these views. No one can deny that the human interest of the play centres in Brutus; in his character, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Bradley, as issuing in action which leads him to a tragic end. Yet, on the other hand, I believe that even if the play had been called by the name of

"Brutus" we should still feel that Caesar is the pivot on which it all turns; that alive or dead he pervades it throughout; and that his murder is not only a crisis in the story, like that of Duncan in *Macbeth*, but in some sense also a catastrophe, and that the third act, in which it happens, is the one which would most enthral the spectators, never losing its hold upon them to the last scene in the play. . . .

As Shakespeare read through these Lives, looking out for tragic material, he must have entered on that of Caesar with peculiar interest. He must already have known something of the most famous of all Romans, who twice invaded Britain, and has, therefore, always been a figure of special interest in our history. . . . The idea that Caesar was "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times" must have been part of Shakespeare's education, and apart from Marc Antony's rhetoric, there is evidence that he really believed this. . . .

If, then, Shakespeare was dominated to begin with by this traditional view—in the main a just one—he must have entered on the Life of Caesar in Plutarch with special eagerness. Yet I think he must have read it with disappointment. As I have already said, it is not one of Plutarch's best; that mild and philosophic spirit could hardly appreciate the intensely active, practical, scientific mind of Caesar. Assuredly the playwright would not find there what he wanted; the catastrophe of a tragedy was there but not the character, or the action issuing from character, which could be so woven into a drama as to lead directly or with sufficient rapidity to that conclusion. Even if he could make *superbia* the moral cause of the murder, if he could impress his audience with the idea that Caesar's death was the punishment for such a weakness (a view which he would hardly find in Plutarch, unless very faintly at the end of chapter 45), still, the events in which this weakness would be shown him by Plutarch would not readily adapt themselves to the stage; and Shakespeare, who adhered steadily to Plutarch in all three Roman plays, assuredly never dreamt of altering him, except in small details, to suit his purpose. . . . Caesar's life and character touch the whole world, like the life and character of Alexander, with whom he is coupled in Plutarch's work; his real nature is but little known to us, and was almost entirely hidden from

Shakespeare; it is the *facts of his life*, the range of his boundless activity, that recoil upon him and bring him to his end, rather than any personal traits that are obvious to us; and such bare facts cannot be used as tragic material in the true Shakespearian sense. Thus the Life of Caesar, as I said, must have disappointed Shakespeare, for its range was too large for the stage, and the striking incidents in it, up to the intensely dramatic ending, were very few and far between. . . .

Caesar, then, as seen in Plutarch, or, indeed, as known to us from any source, would not do for the hero of a tragedy; he towered above the world so far that he left no dramatic incidents for the world to contemplate. But the one thing which every reader would at once recognize as tragic was exactly that which is so strongly brought out by Orosius, and must have been a leading feature in medieval tradition, for it appears both in Dante and Chaucer—*the cruelty, injustice, and folly of the murder*, and the retribution in store for the murderers, which is alluded to in a passage I have already quoted from the last chapter of the Life. Let us note that in these Lives of Cicero, Caesar, Brutus, and Antony, the same tragic story is repeated four times, in each case with reference to a different type of personal character. Thus the reader, disappointed in the treatment of Caesar's person and character, would have his imagination all the more strongly drawn to the murder itself, as not only the most striking but the most fateful event of the time; an event which suddenly and violently disturbed the natural course of things, and threw the world back into confusion and civil war. To Shakespeare it must have seemed tragic, not so much in the light of Caesar's personal ambition and vast power, as in the light of what came immediately afterwards—the utter uselessness of it, the waste of energy; but for these, and for the confusion of thought and paralysis of action which followed it, he had to read the sequel in the Life of Brutus. It was a tremendous downfall; it was tragic in the current sense of tragedy at the time; it had been made the conclusion of at least one play called by Caesar's name: but it would not satisfy Shakespeare. It was so terrible and tremendous an event that if brought into the play at all it must dominate the whole action; but to put it in a fifth act was for Shakespeare simply impossible, because there

was no tragic material, in his sense of what was tragic, to lead up to it in four other acts. I imagine that he left it and read on into the Life of the most human of the murderers, with results of perennial value for English poetical drama.'

From WARDE FOWLER, *Roman Essays and Interpretations* (1920).

THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS

The ideal republican, but too idealistic for a world of violence—His point of view imperfectly grasped by Shakespeare. The limitations of Brutus

'SHAKESPEARE'S Brutus is undoubtedly the very noblest figure of a typical and ideal republican in all the literature of the world.'

From SWINBURNE, *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880).

'What a Brutus! A perfect Girondin mirrored in Shakespeare's art two hundred years before the real thing came to maturity and talked and stalked and had its head duly cut off by the coarser Antonys and Octaviuses of its time who at least knew the difference between life and rhetoric.'

From G. B. SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans* (1900).

'The plain fact is, one fears, that Shakespeare, even if he can say he understands Brutus, can in this last analysis make nothing of him; and no phrase better fits a playwright's particular sort of failure. He has let him go his own reasoning way, has faithfully abetted him in it, has hoped that from beneath this crust of thought the fires will finally blaze. He can conjure up a flare or two, and the love and grief for Portia might promise a fusing of the man's whole nature in a tragic passion outpassing anything yet. But the essential tragedy centred in Brutus's own soul, the tragedy of the man who, not from hate, envy, nor weakness, but

> . . . only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all . . .

made one with the conspirators and murdered his friend; this,

which Shakespeare rightly saw as the supremely interesting issue, comes to no more revelation than is in the weary

> . . . Caesar, now be still:
> I killed not thee with half so good a will.

Shakespeare's own artistic disposition is not sufficiently attuned to this tragedy of intellectual integrity, of principles too firmly held. He can apprehend the nature of the man, but not, in the end, assimilate it imaginatively to his own. He is searching for the hero in whom thought and emotion will combine and contend on more equal terms; and when the end of Brutus baffles him, here is Hamlet, as we have seen, all waiting to begin. For the rest, he at least reaps the reward, a better than Brutus did, of integrity and consistency. He never falsifies the character, and, in its limited achievement, it endures and sustains the play to the end. He had preserved, we may say, for use at need, his actor's gift of making effective things he did not fully understand; and the Brutus of the play will make call enough on the actor even should he know a little more about Brutus the Stoic than Shakespeare did.'

From GRANVILLE-BARKER, *Prefaces* (1927).

'Shakespeare's position may be thus described. He read in Plutarch that Brutus, the virtuous Roman, killed Caesar, the master-spirit of his own and perhaps of any age, from a disinterested sense of duty. That was easy to understand, for Shakespeare would know, and if he did not know it from his own experience his well-conned translation of Montaigne would teach him, that the best of men are determined in their feeling of right by the preconceptions of race, class, education, and the like. But he also read that Brutus was a philosophic student who would not accept or obey the current code without scrutinizing it and fitting it into his theory. Of the political theory, however, which such an one would have, Shakespeare had no knowledge or appreciation. So whenever Brutus tries to harmonize his purpose with his idealist doctrine, he has to be furnished with new reasons instead of the old and obvious ones. . . . The one argument with which he can excuse to his own heart the projected murder, is that the aspirant to royal power,

though hitherto irreproachable, may or must become corrupted and misuse his high position. This is as different from the attitude of the ancient Roman as it well could be. It would never have occurred to the genuine republican of olden time that any justification was needed for dispatching a man who sought to usurp the sovereign place; and if it had, this is certainly the last justification that would have entered his head.'

From MACCALLUM, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (1910).

'How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Caesar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward.—True;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?'

From COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakespeare* (1818).

'We may assume, I think, that Shakespeare read the Life of Brutus immediately after that of Caesar, following the order in North's folio. Any one who will do this himself, even with a much greater knowledge of history than Shakespeare could have had, will be at once struck with the difference between the two lives, and will probably guess that Plutarch was much more interested in Brutus than in Caesar. Among the forty-eight Lives there were a few in which Plutarch had to do with a nature to which his own disposition could respond lovingly. . . . He tells us himself that he had written the Life of Caesar when he came to that of Brutus; and we cannot but feel that he must have been well pleased to find himself dealing with a character more after his own heart and more on the ordinary plane of human life, with whose very faults and failings he could sympathize. I am not here concerned with the interesting question how far he has given us a just idea of the historical Brutus, or what material he used; all I want to point out is that he found, or imagined, a character of singular human interest, as contrasted with Caesar, or Pompey, or Crassus, whose personalities, so far as he could discern them, worked entirely in the region of

wars and politics. In his study of Brutus, too, he had two great opportunities which, consciously or unconsciously, he used with something like dramatic effect. First, he had the chance of contrasting his hero with another character, Cassius, and of presenting two intimate friends as acting together from different motives; secondly, he could give the life a unity of interest wanting in so many of Plutarch's biographies, because it must be, so to speak, pivoted upon the one most terrible and exciting event of the age—the murder of the great Dictator.

The keynote of this character of Brutus is sounded with clear emphasis at the very beginning of the Life, and rings consistently throughout it. Shakespeare would only need to read three sentences to hear it. "Having framed his manners of life by the rules of virtue and the study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting of great things, methinks he was rightly made and framed unto virtue", and the contrast with Cassius follows in the next words. Plutarch saw in him a gentle and thoughtful student—a Platonist, as we learn later on—after his own heart, but one who, when his mind was made up to a course of action by conviction that it was right, would stick to it with extraordinary tenacity. There is no direct condemnation of his part in the murder to be found in the Life; and the reason is, no doubt, that Brutus made up his mind to it, after a brief but severe struggle, on moral as well as political grounds, and that Plutarch, whose verdict on the death of Caesar I quoted just now, was disposed to agree with Brutus.

But in place of moral iniquity we have that kind of blundering that is liable to be caused by imperfect knowledge of ordinary human nature. I doubt if any one can read through the Life without feeling that the murder itself was a blunder, and that the retribution which fell on the conspirators, whether their motives were good, like that of Brutus, or personal, as Plutarch inclines to think of the rest, was in some sense deserved. And Brutus was plainly not the man to carry out his own project; he made two serious practical blunders, as Plutarch is careful to point out: he persuaded the conspirators to spare Antony, and then gave that able man, in whose hands he was himself as a child, the chance to undo all their work by letting him speak at

Caesar's funeral. Later on, after reading philosophy all night, he blundered on the field of battle.'

From WARDE FOWLER, *Roman Essays and Interpretations* (1920).

THE CHARACTER OF CASSIUS

A foil to Brutus—A defence of his character

'SHAKESPEARE has scarcely created anything more splendid than the relation in which he has placed Cassius to Brutus. Closely as he has followed Plutarch, the poet has, by slight alterations, skilfully placed this character, even more than the historian has done, in the sharpest contrast to Brutus—the clever, politic revolutionist, opposed to the man of noble soul and moral nature. . . . According to Plutarch, public opinion distinguished between Brutus and Cassius thus: that it was said that Brutus hated tyranny, Cassius, tyrants; yet, adds the historian, the latter was inspired with a universal hatred of tyranny also. Thus has Shakespeare represented him. His Cassius is imbued with a thorough love of freedom and equality; he groans under the prospect of a monarchical time more than the others; he does not bear this burden with thoughtful patience like Brutus, but his ingenious mind strives with natural opposition to throw it off; he seeks for men of the old time; the new, who are like timid sheep before the wolf, are in abhorrence to him. His principles of freedom are not crossed by moral maxims which might lead him astray in his political attempts; altogether a pure political character, he esteems nothing so highly as his country and its freedom and honour. These principles, if they were not rooted in the temperament, spirit, and character of Cassius, would at all events have been more powerfully supported by them than the same principles would have been by Brutus's more humane, more feeling nature. . . . Throughout with eagle eye he sees the right means for attaining his ends, and would seize them undeterred by scruples of morality; less irreproachable as a man than Brutus, he is as a statesman far more excellent. Full of circumspection, he is full of suspicion of his adversary; he is very far from that too great

confidence in a good cause which is the ruin of Brutus. He possesses the necessary acuteness of judgement and action available only in times of revolution; he knows that it is useless mixing in politics, far less in revolution, unless one is prepared to exchange the tender morality of domestic life for a ruder kind; he would treat tyranny according to its own baseness; he would carry on matters according to the utmost requirements of his own cause, but not with the utmost forbearance towards the enemy; he would not use unnecessary harshness, but he would omit none that was necessary; he would think just as ill of the tyrant as the tyrant would of his adversary; he would, as far as in him lay, turn against him his cunning, his cruelty, and his power; he would go with the flood at the right time, and not, like Brutus, when it was too late. The difference, therefore, between his nature and the character of Brutus comes out on every occasion: Brutus appears throughout just as humanely noble as Cassius is politically superior: each lacks what is best in the other, and the possession of which would make each perfect.'

From GERVINUS, *Commentaries* (trans. 1863).

'The Cassius of Shakespeare is a simpler study, but filled in with no less sympathy—at least so it appears to me—than that of Brutus. We only miss the dramatist's purpose if, with most of the commentators, we persist in regarding Cassius as a foil to Brutus, or as a type of this or that politician or man. The meagreness and crudity of Cassius's political creed needs no demonstration. He shares it to the full with the "lesser villains" from whom, on the spiritual plane, he is not distinguished in the same way as is Brutus. It is a poor creed at the best, but we may note the constancy and real heroism with which Cassius clings to it. The old conservative Roman republicanism, with its uncompromising repudiation of "one-man" rule, was, to Cassius, a thing well worth dying for. He is prepared at any moment to die for it, in the high Roman fashion, and in the end does so die for it. Cassius, like Brutus, is a political fanatic; but a more straightforward and simple-minded fanatic. Subtle distinctions between the tyrant and the tyranny are as much beyond him as is the conception of doing "an act of rage" otherwise than

"wrathfully", or the pious sophistry which would rob butchery of its grossness by calling it a sacrifice. Cassius does not look too nicely into means and motives, but he has a personal dignity which will not stoop to flattery or glaring deceit. He distrusts Caesar, and knows himself distrusted; but it is significant that he separates himself from the final act of treachery to which even Brutus stoops, and is the only conspirator who does not present himself on the morning of the Ides at Caesar's house to accept his hospitality "like a friend", and then lead him to his death. It is at any rate erroneous to conceive of Cassius as an arch-plotter and unscrupulous leader of faction, to whom all means are lawful and all men tools to be used and cast aside. Nothing indeed can be more unjust than the last charge; for the human affections are not less strongly developed in Cassius than they are in Brutus, with whom they are under a certain restraint, or than they are in Antony. Few things are perhaps more pathetic in Shakespeare than the art by which he gradually reveals to us the softer and tenderer side in the nature of the rugged old politician and soldier. The personal love of Cassius for Brutus is emphasized in the first Act of *Julius Caesar*, but it is in the later part of the play that the depth and tenderness in Cassius's nature are fully revealed. In the famous quarrel scene, of which Coleridge declared that no part of Shakespeare more impressed on him 'the belief of his genius being superhuman', Cassius is hurt because he thinks Brutus has slighted him; and when Brutus answers his complaints with reproaches and false charges, he is for the moment goaded to anger; but when the friend he loves and honours above all men mocks at him and spurns him with derision, resentment gives place to far more painful emotions, and the old man, sorely wounded in the most sensitive spot, breaks into passionate complaining like a child:

> Come *Antony* and young *Octavius*, come,
> Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
> For *Cassius* is aweary of the world:
> Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother.

From this point Shakespeare invests the figure of Cassius with an ever-deepening pathos. After the quarrel is made up

and the misunderstanding cleared away, Cassius learns of Brutus's sorrow, of Portia's death, and the generous nature of the man shows itself in bitter self-reproach—

> How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?

In the last act of the play all that we hear and see of Cassius is calculated to awaken pity and affection. . . .

I cannot for a moment believe that the Cassius whose end Shakespeare has thus surrounded with every circumstance of tragic pity, over whose body so glorious a sacrifice is performed, whose worth is so unstintingly attested, whose loss is so passionately and so solemnly mourned, is the Cassius of the commentators. I know of no greater example of the all-embracing tolerance, the divine humanity of Shakespeare than the picture of this man; whose aims, opinions, and actions could merit in his eye only unqualified condemnation, but whose character he has invested with qualities that compel admiration and love.'

From MARK HUNTER, in *Royal Soc. of Lit. Transactions*, vol. x (1931).

THE CHARACTER OF ANTONY

A sportsman turned statesman—Is he redeemed by devotion to Caesar?

'SHAKESPEARE keeps him in ambush throughout the first part of the play. Up to the time when he faces the triumphant conspirators he speaks just thirty-three words. But there have already been no less than seven separate references to him, all significant. And this careful preparation culminates as significantly in the pregnant message he sends by his servant from the house to which it seems he has fled, bewildered by the catastrophe of Caesar's death. Yet, as we listen, it is not the message of a very bewildered man. Antony, so far, is certainly—in what we might fancy would be his own lingo—a dark horse. And, though we may father him on Plutarch, to English eyes there can be no more typically English figure than the sportsman turned statesman, but a sportsman still. Such men range up and down our history. Antony is something besides, however,

that we used to flatter ourselves was not quite so English. He can be, when occasion serves, the perfect demagogue. Nor has Shakespeare any illusions as to what the harsher needs of politics may convert your sportsman once he is out to kill. The conspirators are fair game doubtless. But Lepidus, a little later, will be the carted stag.

> A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
> On abject orts and imitations,
> Which, out of use and staled by other men,
> Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
> But as a property . . .

to serve the jovial Antony's turn! This is your good sort, your sportsman, your popular orator, stripped very bare.'

From GRANVILLE-BARKER, *Prefaces* (1927).

'There seems to be but one element in Antony that is not selfish: his attachment to Caesar is genuine, and its force is measured in the violent imagery of the vow with which, when alone for a moment with the corpse, he promises vengeance till all pity is "choked with custom of fell deeds". And yet this perhaps is after all the best illustration of his callousness to higher feelings; for the one tender emotion of his heart is used by him as the convenient weapon with which to fight his enemies and raise himself to power.'

From MOULTON, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (1885).

ANTONY'S FUNERAL SPEECH

'ONE may so analyse the speech throughout and find it a triumph of effective cleverness. The cheapening of the truth, the appeals to passion, the perfect carillon of flattery, cajolery, mockery, and pathos, swinging to a magnificent tune, all serve to make it a model of what popular oratory should be. In a school for demagogues its critical analysis might well be an item in every examination paper. That is one view of it. By another, there is nothing in it calculated or false. Antony feels like this; and, on these occasions, he never lets his thoughts belie his feelings, that is all. And he knows, without stopping to

think, what the common thought and feeling will be, where reason and sentiment will touch bottom—and if it be a muddy bottom what matter!—because he is himself, as we said, the common man raised to the highest power. So, once in touch with his audience, he can hardly go wrong.'

From GRANVILLE-BARKER, *Prefaces* (1927).

'Perhaps nowhere else in History or Literature do we find the procedure of the demagogue of Genius set forth with such masterly insight. For Antony shows himself a demagogue of the most profligate description, but as undeniably the very genius of the art of moving men. Consider the enormous difficulties of his position. He is speaking under limitation and by permission before a hostile audience that will barely give him a hearing, and his task is to turn them quite round, and make them adore what they hated and hate what they adored. How does he set about it?

He begins with an acknowledgement and compliment to Brutus: "For Brutus's sake I am beholding to you." He disclaims the intention of even praising the dead. He cites the charge of ambition, but not to reply to it, merely to point out that any ambition has been expiated. But then he insinuates arguments on the other side: Caesar's faithfulness and justice in friendship, the additions not to his private but to the public wealth that his victories secured, his pitifulness to the poor, his refusal of the crown. Really these things are no arguments at all. They have either nothing to do with the case, or are perfectly compatible with ambition, or may have been its very means or may have been meant to cloak it. Such indeed we know that in part at least they were. But that does not signify so far as Antony's purpose is concerned. They were all matters well known to the public, fit to call forth proud and grateful and pleasing reminiscences of Caesar's career. The orator has managed to praise Caesar while not professing to do so: if he does not disprove what Brutus said, yet in speaking what he does know, he manages to discredit Brutus's authority. And now these regretful associations stirred, he can at any rate ask their tears for their former favourite. Have they lost their reason that they do not at least mourn for him they once loved?

And here with a rhetorical trick, which, to his facile, emotional nature, may have also been the suggestion of real feeling, his utterance fails him; he must pause, for his "heart is in the coffin there with Caesar".

We may be sure that whatever had happened to his heart his ear was intent to catch the murmurs of the crowd. They would satisfy him. Though he has not advanced one real argument, but has only played as it were on their sensations, their mood has changed. Some think Caesar has had wrong, some are convinced that he was not ambitious, all are now thoroughly favourable to Antony.

He begins again. And now he strikes the note of contrast between Caesar's greatness yesterday and his impotence to-day. It is such a tragic fall as in itself might move all hearts to terror and pity. But what if the catastrophe were undeserved? Antony could prove that it was, but he will keep faith with the conspirators and refrain. Nevertheless he has the testament, though he will not read it, which, read, would show them that Caesar was their best friend.

Compassion, curiosity, selfishness are now enlisted on his side. Cries of "The will! The will!" arise. He is quick to take advantage of these. Just as he would not praise Caesar, yet did so all the same; so he refuses to read the will, for they would rise in mutiny—this is a little preliminary hint to them—if they heard that Caesar had made them his heirs.

Renewed insistence on the part of the mob, renewed coyness on the part of Antony; till at last he steps down from the pulpit, taking care to have a wide circle round him that as many as possible may see. But he does not read the will immediately. Partly with his incomparable eye to effect, partly out of the fullness of his heart (for the substance of his words is the same as in his private soliloquy), he stands rapt above the body. Caesar's mantle recalls proud memories of the glory of Caesar and of Rome, the victory over the Barbarian. And this mantle is pierced by the stabs of assassins, of Cassius, of Casca, of Brutus himself. He has now advanced so far that he can attack the man who was the idol of the mob but a few minutes before. And he makes his attack well. The very superiority of Brutus to personal claims, the very patriotism which none could

appreciate better than Antony, and to which he does large justice when Brutus is no more, this very disinterestedness he turns against Brutus, and despite all he owes him, accuses him of black ingratitude. There is so much speciousness in the charge that it would be hard to rebut before a tribunal of sages: and when Antony makes his *coup*, withdrawing the mantle and displaying the mutilated corpse,

> Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
> Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
> Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors:
>
> (III. ii. 194–6

the cause of Brutus is doomed. Antony has a right to exult, and he does so. There is the triumphant pride of the artist in his art, when, on resuming, he represents Brutus as the rhetorician and himself as the unpractised speaker. He is no orator as Brutus is, and—with sublime effrontery—that was probably the reason he was permitted to address them. But

> Were I Brutus
> And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
> Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
> In every wound of Caesar, that should move
> The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. (III. ii. 224–8)

Note the last words: for though Antony feels entitled to indulge in this farcing and enjoys it thoroughly, he does not forget the serious business. He keeps recurring more and more distinctly to the suggestion of mutiny, and for mutiny the citizens are now more than fully primed. All this, moreover, he has achieved without ever playing his trump card. They have quite forgotten about the will, and indeed it is not required. But Antony thinks it well to have them beside themselves, so he calls them back for this last maddening draught.

And all the while, it will be observed, he has never answered Brutus's charge on which he rested his whole case, that Caesar was ambitious. Yet such is the headlong flight of his eloquence, winged by genius, by passion, by craft, that his audience never perceive this. No wonder: it is apt to escape even deliberate readers.'

From MACCALLUM, *Shakespeare's Roman Plays* (1910).

APPENDIX I

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(condensed from Sir Edmund Chambers's *William Shakespeare*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born of middle-class parents at Stratford-on-Avon, a provincial market town of some importance, at an uncertain date between April 24, 1563 and April 23, 1564. His parents were natives of Warwickshire. His father, John Shakespeare, whose principal business was that of glover, rose high in civic life, becoming alderman in 1565 and bailiff in 1568, but later fell on evil days. His mother was Mary Arden. Shakespeare was educated at King Edward VI's Grammar School, Stratford, where he must have learnt a fair amount of Latin, if little or no Greek. He married in 1582 Anne Hathaway, and his first child, Susanna, was baptized in May 1583, to be followed in February 1585 by twins, Hamnet and Judith. Susanna's daughter, Elizabeth, (died 1670) was the poet's last direct descendant.

We have no certain information as to Shakespeare's life between 1584 and 1592. There is an early tradition that he stole deer from Sir T. Lucy of Charlecote. We know Shakespeare was in London by 1592 but not when he went there. During these years Shakespeare must have acquired the varied knowledge and experience of life shown in his plays.

The mention of Shakespeare in a death-bed letter of the playwright Greene in September 1592, shows that as a writer for the stage Shakespeare was just becoming a serious rival to the university wits—Marlowe, Peele, Nashe, and Lodge. The years when the theatres were closed on account of plague gave time for the poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *Lucrece* (1594), both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. By March 1595 Shakespeare was a shareholder in the acting company of the Lord Chamberlain's men who divided with the Admiral's men the command of the London stage from about 1594 to 1603. For this company, which later became the King's men, Shakespeare seems to have written during the rest of his career. After 1599 most of his plays were performed at the Globe Theatre. Shake-

speare probably wrote his *Sonnets* between 1595 and 1600, but they were not printed till 1609.

In 1596 Shakespeare obtained a grant of arms; in 1597 he bought New Place, a substantial house and garden at Stratford, but he is still found living in London in 1597, 1599, and 1604. Shakespeare occasionally appeared as an actor himself, chiefly before 1598.

About 1610 Shakespeare retired to Stratford, and he wrote no more after 1613. He took no part in civic life, and died on April 23, 1616. There is no reason to reject the report that he died of fever contracted from drinking too hard at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson. The family is extinct.

TABLE OF APPROXIMATE DATES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

1590–1.

2 Henry VI.
3 Henry VI.

1591–2.

1 Henry VI.

1592–3.

Richard III.
Comedy of Errors.

1593–4.

Titus Andronicus.
Taming of the Shrew.

1594–5.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Love's Labour's Lost.
Romeo and Juliet.

1595–6.

Richard II.
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

1596–7.

King John.
Merchant of Venice.

1597–8.

1 Henry IV.
2 Henry IV.

1598–9.

Much Ado About Nothing.
Henry V.

1599–1600.

Julius Caesar.
As You Like It.
Twelfth Night.

1600–1.
Hamlet.
Merry Wives of Windsor.

1601–2.
Troilus and Cressida.

1602–3.
All's Well That End's Well.

1603–4.

1604–5.
Measure for Measure.
Othello.

1605–6.
King Lear.
Macbeth.

1606–7.
Antony and Cleopatra.

1607–8.
Coriolanus.
Timon of Athens.

1608–9.
Pericles.

1609–10.
Cymbeline.

1610–11.
Winter's Tale.

1611–12.
Tempest.

1612–13.
Henry VIII.
Two Noble Kinsmen.

APPENDIX II
A NOTE ON METRE

SHAKESPEARE'S plays are written in blank (i.e. unrhymed) verse with a varying proportion of prose and an occasional song in lyric metres in some plays. In *Julius Caesar* prose is only used for unimportant people (e.g. the various citizens in I. i and III. ii) and for a special purpose in the mouths of Casca (I. ii) and Brutus (III. ii). The rest of the play is in blank verse, save for a few rhyming couplets at the end of scenes and at the deaths of Brutus and Titinius, to give the effect of winding up a matter. Blank verse had been in use on the Elizabethan stage for a generation, and within the last ten years Marlowe had brought it to perfection in his 'mighty line'. Although all unrhymed verse might be called 'blank verse', the name is specially

applied to the line consisting *normally* of ten syllables with five stresses or accents. It is common to use the terminology of classical verse and, if we understand that a long syllable in Latin or Greek corresponds to an accented or 'more conspicuous' syllable in English, we may describe blank verse as five iambic feet (i.e. five feet each consisting of an iambus, scanning ∪ –). But whereas in classical verse quantity was rigid and the variations allowed from the pattern were strictly limited, in English verse very few lines conform absolutely to the pattern by having an equally strong accent on five of ten syllables. In Shakespeare not only is the accent either altogether absent, or reversed (– ∪ for ∪ –), in some feet, but often we have more, and occasionally fewer, than ten syllables in a line. A poet can make almost any departure from the norm, provided he does not destroy the sense of that pattern, underlying his verse in the reader's mind. It is essential for all readers of Shakespeare first to acquire a consciousness of the pattern and for this purpose they may scan lines by stressing the syllables that should bear an accent, thus:

∪ – ∪ – ∪ – ∪ – ∪ –
Come hóme to mé | and I | will wáit | for yóu.
(I. ii. 302.)

The sense of this line in its context allows us to read it with some stress on all the syllables marked long and accented, but this is quite the exception. The other extreme is seen in the famous line 'Friénds, Róm|ans, coún|trymen, | lénd me | your éars' (III. ii. 73), which must be pronounced as here marked, *not*, as the pattern would suggest, 'Friends Róm|ans coún-| trymén | lend mé | your éars'. Except for purposes of learning the pattern, we should always read by the sense and leave the metre to take care of itself. (For a brief treatment of Shakespeare's variations such as extra syllables, 'weak endings', &c., see Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, pp. 39, &c., and for a more general view of the subject E. Hamer's *The Metres of English Poetry*.)

APPENDIX III

A NOTE ON SHAKESPEARE'S LANGUAGE

By C. T. ONIONS

VOCABULARY. As the *Oxford Shakespeare Glossary* shows, there are some ten thousand words in the whole of the works attributed to Shakespeare which require explanation for the general reader, either because they are no longer in ordinary use or because they are used by him in some way that is not now familiar. Among the former are such words as *ballow* cudgel, *fill-horse* shaft-horse, and *neaf* fist, which are now only provincial, and such others as *benison* blessing, *foison* abundance, *mow* grimace, *parlous* dangerous, *puissant* powerful, *teen* grief, which may be found still in literary diction, as well as a considerable number that have been used, so far as we know, by Shakespeare alone. With such as these we become acquainted by reference to glossaries and notes. But it is possible to continue to read Shakespeare without properly understanding him because we are unaware of, and sometimes do not even suspect, differences in the meaning of words that are in general use to-day. The following selection of such words will serve to indicate the nature of the differences that may be looked for.

allow approve

argument proof, subject of discourse

brave fine, splendid

churchman clergyman

close secret

complexion habit or constitution of body or mind, look, aspect, appearance

conceit idea, thought, invention

condition covenant, rank, character

difference disagreement, dispute

evil disease

fashion sort

favour appearance, face

feature bodily form

gear affair, business

grudge complain

hint opportunity

hope expect, suppose

infer allege

instance cause, evidence, proof

level aim

lewd bad, vile

liberal unrestrained, licentious

mere absolute, downright
merely entirely
miss do without
note sign, stigma, information
obsequious dutiful
owe own
painful laborious
passion painful disease, strong emotion.
peevish silly, perverse
present immediate
presently at once
prevent anticipate
quality rank, profession
rate estimation
respect consideration
sad grave, serious
shrewd mischievous, bad
sort rank, class, way, manner
still always, continually
stomach inclination, angry or proud temper
sudden swift, violent
tall fine, valiant
type mark, badge
very true, complete

Among words having a very wide range of meaning the following may be noted:

humour (1) moisture, (2) any of the four fluids of the human body recognized by the old physiologists, (3) temperament, (4) mood, temper, fancy, caprice, inclination;
nice (1) delicate, (2) shy, coy, (3) fastidious, (4) subtle, minute, (5) trivial, (6) critical, precarious, (7) exact, precise;
quaint (1) skilled, clever, (2) pretty, dainty, (3) handsome, elegant, (4) carefully elaborated;
sensible (1) sensitive, (2) of the senses, (3) capable of emotion, (4) rational, (5) tangible, substantial, (6) full of good sense;
wit (1) mental powers, mind, faculty of perception, as in *the five wits*, (2) inventive power, (3) understanding, intelligence, (4) wisdom, good sense, as in *brevity is the soul of wit*, (5) lively fancy producing brilliant talk.

A second adjective **dear** grievous, severe, dire (distinct from *dear* beloved, precious) is seen in *my dear offence, thy dear exile.*

Many adjectives and participial words show the application of a suffix with a force different from that which is now usual:

deceivable deceitful
tuneable tuneful
unmeritable undeserving
questionable inviting question
careless uncared for

cureless incurable
grac'd gracious
guiled treacherous
disdain'd disdainful
unexpressive inexpressible
plausive plausible
unavoided inevitable
beholding obliged, beholden
timeless untimely, premature

Note also the double meaning, active and passive, of **artificial** (1) constructive, creative, (2) produced by art.

Shakespeare uses a multitude of technical terms of the arts and sciences; these are treated in their historical setting in *Shakespeare's England* (O.U.P.); note especially the glossary of musical terms in vol. ii, pp. 32 ff. Some general aspects of the vocabulary are dealt with in G. S. Gordon's *Shakespeare's English*, Society for Pure English, Tract xxix (O.U.P.).

PRONUNCIATION. In order to understand the scansion of the verse it is necessary to bear in mind certain features of the pronunciation of the time. Many words of French or Latin origin had been variously stressed from early times, and deviation from present usage is to be seen, for example, in Shakespeare's *adver'tizèd*, *aspect'*, *canon'izèd*, *chas'tise*, *compact'* (noun), *exile'*, *instinct'* (noun), *obdu'rate*, *reven'ue*, *sepul'chre*, *solem'nizèd*, *triumph'ing*. The stressing of certain adjectives and participles of two syllables is subject to the rule that immediately before nouns of one syllable, and before other nouns stressed on the first syllable, they themselves are stressed on the first syllable, but in other positions on the second; thus: *all' the com'plete ar'mour*, *ev'ery way' complete'*; *the en'tire sum'*, *your' entire' affec'tion*; *the crown' so foul' misplaced'*, *the mis'placed John'*.

In words in *-ian*, *-ience*, *-ient*, *-ion*, these endings may count as two syllables; thus, *Christian*, *patient* may be 3 syllables, *condition*, *impatience* 4, *lamentation* 5. Similarly *marriage* and *soldier* may be three syllables. There is variation in such words as *fire*, *hour*, *power*, *prayer*, which may count as either one or two syllables. *Either* and *neither* may be slurred into one syllable, and *whether* is often so reduced, the form *where* frequently occurring in the old editions, continuing what was a regular early English variant form. *Hither*, *thither*, *whither*, and *having*, *evil*, *devil* are treated in the same way. *Statue* occurs in several passages in the old editions where three syllables are

required; many modern editions substitute *statua*, which was a common Tudor and Stuart form.

NOUNS. The genitive singular ending *s* may be replaced by *his*, as *the count* **his** *galleys*, *Mars* **his** *armour*. The inflexion is dropped before *sake*, e. g. *for justice sake*, *for heaven sake*. Proper names often occur without inflexion, where the genitive might be expected, or *of*: e.g. *Venice gold*, *Rome gates*, *Tiber banks*. One of the adverbial uses of the genitive is preserved in *come your ways*. Notable examples of the *n*-plural are *shoon* for *shoes*, and *eyne* (eyes), which is used chiefly for rhyme. *Aches* is of two syllables, since the noun *ache* was pronounced *aitch*, as distinct from the verb, which was regularly spelt *ake* in the old editions. Names of measures and periods of time are often uninflected, as *twelve year*, *a thousand pound*: cf. *sennight* (= seven nights) week.

ADJECTIVES. Adjectives are converted into nouns with greater freedom than at present: *fair* is used for beauty as well as for lady, *the general* for the public, the multitude, *the subject* for the people of a state. Note the phrases: *in few* in few words, in short; *by small and small* little by little; *the most* (= majority) *of men*. *Enow* represents the old plural of *enough*, and is so used, always following its noun or pronoun. *Mo*, *moe* (= more) is also plural; it represents an old comparative adverb, which was used at first with a genitive, but became in time an adjective like *more*. The plural of *other* is either *others* or *other* (e.g. *and then come in the other*).

Peculiarities in the comparison of adjectives are: the use of the suffixes where we prefer *more* and *most*, as *certainer*, *perfecter*, *violentest*; the addition of *-er* to a comparative, as *worser*; the use of *more* and *most* with comparatives and superlatives, as *more better*, *most best*, *most dearest*, *more worthier*, *most worst*, *most unkindest*. Note the old comparative *near*, as in *ne'er the near*. An absolute superlative may be strengthened by prefixing *one*, e.g. *one the truest-mannered*.

PRONOUNS. The distinction between the familiar or contemptuous *thou* (*thee*, *thy*) and the respectful *ye* (*you*, *your*) is in general preserved. The old weak form *a* of *he* occurs in *There was a gaming*. The commonest genitive of *it* is *his*; the present-day *its* and the obsolete *it* (as in *It had* **it** *head bit off by* **it** *young*) are about equally frequent in the old editions. Pronominal posses-

sive forms are sometimes used as adjectives, but only in company with other possessives, as in *his and* **mine** *lov'd darling.* Note the position of the possessive in *good* **my** *liege, sweet* **my** *coz.*

There is much irregularity in the use of the cases of pronouns. *Thee* is used for *thou*, as with intransitive imperatives, *look thee, stand thee close;* also in *I would not be thee*, and the like. We find also: *between you and* **I**; *Is she as tall as* **me**?; *Which, of* **he** *or Adrian . . .?; Damn'd be* **him . . .** The functions of the original nominative *ye* and objective *you* are reversed in *I do beseech* **ye**, *if* **you** *bear me hard . . .; us* is usual for *we* in the interrogative *Shall's.* There is no consistency in the use of *who* and *whom*; a common confusion is illustrated in **whom** *they say is killed.*

The relative pronouns are not discriminated according to present practice, since *which* may refer to persons and *who* to things. *The which* is very frequent; it may be used adjectivally, as in *For the which blessing I am at him upon my knees.* The nominative relative (the subject of the clause) is often absent, as in *There be some sports are painful.* After a negative or an interrogative, *but* is frequently used as a relative = that . . . not; e.g. *No man* **but** *prophesied revenge for it; What canst thou say* **but** *will perplex them more?*

VERBS. Verbs show many old forms as well as a variety of conjugation which are no longer possible in ordinary language.

Early strong forms are retained in *holp, holp'st*, alongside *helped, helped'st; spake* and *spoke* are both in use; old strong forms are replaced by weak in *becomed, shaked*; the past tenses *drunk* and *sprung* are more frequent than *drank* and *sprang*; the clipped *broke, spoke* occur beside the original participial forms *broken, spoken; catched* and *caught* are both found; many past tense forms are used for the past participle, as *eat, holp, forsook, rode, shook, swam.* Remarkable instances of the great variety of usage may be seen in *struck, strucken, stricken*, for the past participle of *strike*, and in the conjugation *write*, past tense *writ*, occasionally *wrote*, past participle *written, writ*, less frequently *wrote.* Weak verbs of which the stem ends in *d* or *t* often have shortened past participles, as *betid, heat, wed, wet.* Observe that *graft* and *hoist* are rather participles of the older verbs *graff* and *hoise* than of *graft* and *hoist.*

Present tense forms in *s* (including *is*) are not uncommonly

used with plural subjects, especially where the verb precedes the subject; e.g. *What cares these roarers for the name of king?*; *There* **is** *no more such masters.*

There are many survivals of impersonal uses, some of them in disguise. The older forms of *I were better*, *Thou'rt best* were *Me were better* It would be better for me, *Thee were best* It would be best for thee; but in *You were better* the case of the pronoun became ambiguous, *you* was in time felt as a nominative, and other pronouns fell into line. The history of the development of *I am woe* (in which *woe* is felt as an adjective) from the original *Me is woe* is somewhat similar. In *Fair befall thee* the verb is impersonal and *fair* an adverb.

The uses of the subjunctive are many and various. An exceptional construction is seen in **Live** *thou* (= if thou live), *I live.* An old use of the past subjunctive is exemplified in *If you would put me to verses, Kate, why, you* **undid** (= would undo) *me.*

The infinitive of a verb of motion is often to be supplied in thought with an auxiliary verb; e.g. *I* **must** *to England;* **Shall** *we to this gear?*

ADVERBS. Adverbs, especially those of one syllable, may have the same form as their corresponding adjectives, as *dear, full, fair, near, true;* such words as *excellent, equal, instant, prodigal* are also used adverbially. When two adverbs are coupled together which would both normally have the suffix *-ly*, one of them may lack it, as in *sprightful***ly** *and bold, so lame***ly** *and unfashionable.* A rare formation is *chirurgeonly* like a surgeon. Comparative forms with the suffix are used more freely than at present; e.g. *earth***lier** *happy, wise***lier.**

The use of *but* in the sense of 'only' needs to be specially noticed: *but now* just now, only this moment; similarly *but while-ere* only a short time ago, *but late* only lately. It is coupled redundantly with *only* in *He only lived but till he was a man.*

Normally, *only* should stand immediately before the words it modifies; but it is often loosely placed, as in *He only loves the world for him* (i.e. only for him).

A negative adverb (or conjunction) may be used with another negative word, superfluously from our point of view (the use was originally emphatic): *You know my father hath no child but* ***I*****, nor none** *is like to have.* The negative may even be tripled:

Love no man in good earnest; **nor no** *further in sport* **neither.** In the following a redundant negative occurs in a dependent clause after a verb of negative meaning: *You may deny that you were* **not** *the cause.*

PREPOSITIONS. Prepositions have many uses that differ from their present ones; for example, *for*, *of*, and *to* have each some ten meanings that are not current now. *Of* and *with* are both used to express the agent, as in *seen* **of** *us*, *torn to pieces* **with** *a bear*, or the instrument, as in *provided* **of** *a torch-bearer*, *killed* **with** *a thunderstroke*. With abstract nouns, *of* forms equivalents of the corresponding adjectives; e.g. *of desperation* desperate, *of nature* natural. Both *for* and *to* may be used, though in different kinds of context, = in the character of, as: e.g. *turned out of all towns and cities* **for** *a dangerous thing*; *I have a king here* **to** *my flatterer*. A preposition is used freely at the end of the sentence or clause, e.g. *he I am before* = he in whose presence I am; sometimes it is redundant, as in *the scene wherein we play* **in**; or again, it may be dropped, as in *I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee* (i.e. *with*).

At in *at door*, *at gate*, and the like, is descended from the earlier *atte* (two syllables), which is for *at the*.

CONJUNCTIONS. The following should be noted: *an* or *an if* if; *as* as if; *for* because; *but* if . . . not, unless; *nor . . nor . .* neither . . nor . ., *or . . or . .* either . . or . .; *or ere* before ever; *so* provided that; *that* (in much wider use than at present) for the reason that, because, in order that, so that; *whiles* while.

The full exposition of the language of Shakespeare requires a book to itself, and such will be found in E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* and W. Franz's *Shakespeare-Grammatik*. An illuminating sketch is Henry Bradley's essay 'Shakespeare's English' in *Shakespeare's England*, vol. ii, pp. 539–74. Selected points are treated with some fullness in *Nine Plays of Shakespeare* (O.U.P.), pp. xix–xxxvi.

EXTRACTS FROM NORTH'S PLUTARCH

A. BRUTUS AND PORTIA (Cf. II. i. 224–309)

Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed: for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself.

His wife Porcia (as we have told you before) was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and gests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady, being excellently well-seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by her self: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O Brutus,' said she, 'the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee and how much I would do for thy sake, if

I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could.

B. THE DEATH OF CAESAR (Cf. III. i. 27–77)

So when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Caesar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Caesar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Caesar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and strake Caesar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Caesar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin: 'O traitor Casca, what dost thou?' Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Caesar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man

was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied.

C. THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

(Cf. IV. iii. 1–122)

The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a Praetor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgement much misliked Cassius, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Caesar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to have suffered Caesar's friends to have robbed and done what wrong and injury they had would than to bear with their own men. 'For then,' said he, 'they could but have said we had been cowards, but now they may accuse us of injustice, beside the pains we take, and the danger we put ourselves into.' And thus may we see what Brutus' intent and purpose was.

D. THE DEATH OF CASSIUS (Cf. v. ii and iii)

The voward and the middest of Brutus' battle had already put all their enemies to flight that withstood them, with great slaughter: so that Brutus had conquered all on his side, and

Cassius had lost all on the other side.... Now Brutus returning from the chase, after he had slain and sacked Caesar's men, he wondered much that he could not see Cassius' tent standing up high as it was wont, neither the other tents of his camp standing as they were before, because all the whole camp had been spoiled, and the tents thrown down, at the first coming of their enemies. But they that were about Brutus, whose sight served them better, told them that they saw a great glistering of harness, and a number of silvered targets that went and came into Cassius' camp, and were not (as they took it) the armours nor the number of men that they had left there to guard the camp; and yet that they saw not such a number of dead bodies and great overthrow as there should have been, if so many legions had been slain. This made Brutus at the first mistrust that which had happened. So he appointed a number of men to keep the camp of his enemy which he had taken, and caused his men to be sent for that yet followed the chase, and gathered them together, thinking to lead them to aid Cassius, who was in this state as you shall hear. First of all, he was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the captains his enemies, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemy's army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together.

So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus

sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy; and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking indeed that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: 'Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face.' After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondsmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time Pindarus was never seen more. Whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinnius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the mean time came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being unpossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder.

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